THE EXAMINER.

ESTABLISHED 1808.

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If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolves to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless.—DE FOE.

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POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

THE QUEEN'S MESSENGER.

Herr von Bismarck has excused himself from being present at the Berlin festivities on the score of ill health. It is alleged that he has for some time past been suffering from sleeplessness, which has resulted in great weakness. Dr. Busch's indiscretions are supposed to have so irritated the Chancellor as to interfere with placid sleep. But well-informed persons assert that political reasons have induced him to remain at Friedrichsruhe. Prince Gortschakoff announced that he proposed coming to Berlin on the 5th inst. to congratulate the Emperor William on his recovery, and with the special object of having an official interview with Prince Bismarck. For M. de Blowitz' recent revelations in *The Times* made it appear that the two Chancellors entertain anything but friendly feelings for each other, and the Russian statesman was anxious to meet this assertion with a public and formal proof to the contrary. Prince Bismarck, however, preferred not to give the satisfaction desired, and decided to remain in the country on the ground of ill health rather than to meet Prince Gortschakoff. The Emperor is said to have expressed his approval of this course of action.

The retirement of M. Waddington from the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs is considered certain. He will be succeeded by M. Dufaure, who has several times held the portfolio as *ad interim* Minister.

M. Fournier, French Ambassador at Constantinople, has arrived in Paris on leave of absence, which is the prelude to his definite retirement from the post. M. Tissot, French Minister at Athens, has received an order to go to Constantinople to assume provisional charge of the Embassy until his appointment as M. Fournier's successor is finally ratified.

His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. is anxiously engaged in drawing up the scheme of a joint deed to be entered into by all the European Powers with a view to the repression of Socialistic and International tendencies, which have lately been productive of such lamentable results. The Vatican authorities are working out the details, and the whole will, when completed, be despatched to the Papal representatives abroad for submission to the Governments to which they are accredited.

The greatest activity is again being displayed at Tophané, and ninety heavy guns have been despatched to Tchaltja. The works for a railway to unite the fortifications on the Sea of Marmora with those on the Black Sea are being energetically pushed forward. It is estimated that about 800 more guns will be required to complete the armament of all the lines.

The resignation of General de Roeder, German Minister in Switzerland, has given rise to much conversation in Berlin. The reason alleged is ill health. But it is undoubtedly the fact that M. de Roeder, who is on the most intimate and friendly terms with the leading statesmen of Switzerland,

finds his position in that country far from pleasant just now, when diplomatic remonstrances are being addressed to the Swiss Government with a view to obliging it to refrain from extending its hospitality to the Socialists and Anarchists of the Continent. It is perfectly true that the Cabinet of Madrid took the initiative in these proceedings, but M. de Bismarck joined in with great energy, even though the Swiss Government had, of its own accord, dissolved the league founded by the celebrated Gehlsen, who had been exiled from Germany for having insulted M. de Bismarck one hundred times. The league had for its object the foundation of a fund to relieve those who had suffered by the German Anti-Socialist Law.

The Russian Minister of Finance has at his disposal for the construction of barracks throughout the Empire a special fund as yet untouched amounting to 35,000,000 roubles, and bearing interest to the extent of 1,779,000 roubles yearly. This vast sum is said to have been almost exclusively formed by the amounts paid to the Government during a number of years by individuals desirous of being freed from the obligation of military service.

The Roumanian Railway Company has entered into an agreement with the Russian Government, by which it binds itself to furnish, at any time when called upon, 600 carriages and thirty locomotives.

The opposition in the Delegations at Pesth has privately agreed to vote fifteen millions of florins for the expenses of the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, in order that the army may not be exposed to privations, but it is determined not to pass the thirty-three millions asked for by the Government for the Budget of 1879 until both Parliaments have given a decided opinion on the foreign policy of Count Andrassy.

We have it on good authority that the Russian Government has decided upon the construction of twelve gun boats for the Baltic Fleet. Five of these are already being commenced at the dockyards on the Neva, and the remainder will be put in hand before the close of December. They will all be armed with a single thirty-ton gun apiece.

On his return from Adrianople Prince Lobanoff called upon Safvet Pasha, and strongly urged upon him the conclusion of a separate treaty between Russia and Turkey, insinuating at the same time that, were such a treaty concluded, the Emperor would give orders for the entire evacuation of Turkish territory within two months from the date of signature.

M. Bratiano, the new Roumanian Envoy to the Porte, has succeeded in establishing relations of a most harmonious character between the two Governments. It is understood that the Russian evacuation of the Dobrudja took place in consequence of Turkey and Roumania having decided to take joint action had the evacuation been longer delayed. The occupation of the province has been carried out by the Roumanian troops with perfect order, and they have been received everywhere with the greatest satisfaction.

The greatest uneasiness is felt at Vienna in consequence of an order given by the Minister of War to place the fortifications at Przemysl, in Galicia, in a perfect state of defence within four weeks.

At a meeting of the supporters of the Cabinet which recently took place at Bucharest, the Ministers announced that they considered they had accomplished their task, and, would, therefore, shortly retire to make room for a new Liberal Government, which should represent more accurately all the shades of the party.

It is still asserted at Constantinople that a new Convention has been signed with England. A number of different versions are given of its contents, none of which, however, bear the stamp of authenticity.

Five of the leading officers of the St. Petersburg police have been dismissed by the Prefect, General Zouroff, on account of their connivance at the operations of the Nihilist party.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The new Austrian Red Book seems to have been edited on Prince Bismarck's principle of only publishing documents that are of no importance, and the only papers in the collection that are at all novel or interesting are those relating to the Bosnian occupation. These curious despatches certainly show that the Austrian Government must have been very ill-informed by its agents as to the feeling of the population in Bosnia, and they explain why the occupation was undertaken with a force so ludicrously insufficient to overcome the resistance of the Mahommedan element. The reports from the Consul-General at Mostar state that the Mahommedans in the Herzegovina "show great sympathy for Austria-Hungary," that "they would regard annexation to Montenegro as the greatest misfortune that could happen to them," and that "they do not consider that an autonomous *régime* would be in accordance with their interests, as they would be in a minority if the Greek and Roman Catholics were to unite against them." Similar reports were sent to Vienna from the Consul-General at Serajevo. "The great majority of the population in Bosnia," he says, "are in favour of annexation;" and he adds that the most influential of the Mahommedans in Bosnia had promised him to do their best to secure a friendly reception to the Austrian troops, and had declared to him that they were convinced Bosnia and Herzegovina "could only be prosperous under the rule of Austria." These statements sound strange, indeed, after the desperate resistance which was made to the occupation by the Bosnian Mahommedans, and the Opposition in the Budget Committee of the Austrian Delegation would have had a better case against the Government if they had opposed the grant for secret service money which seems to have been spent to so little purpose, instead of raising a technical question of constitutional law.

It is painfully evident that affairs in South Africa, if not quite as bad as they might be, are fast verging towards that

undesirable goal. Three weeks ago, Lord Chelmsford sent home an urgent demand for more troops, and his request was backed up by Sir Bartle Frere, a pro-Consul not swift at shedding black men's blood. After long delay, the official mind seems at last alive to the fact that something is wrong, for, in a few days, reinforcements to the extent of over 2,000 men will be on their way to the Cape. The propriety of this step is unquestionable. India *may* be in danger; Africa *is*. The little war with the Galekas, Gaikas, and kindred tribes, was never of great importance, and has, practically, been settled long ago. But the resistance which these comparatively petty tribesmen made was very closely watched by the unfortunately more numerous and warlike nationalities of the north. When the Zulus of Natal, the Kaffirs of the Transvaal, the Griquas, Basutos, and other warrior races, saw that with whom they had long ago measured their strength could for months hold their own with the British, their former eagerness to right old wrongs by force of arms seems to have again come to life. A dispute with Sococoeni regarding the ownership of certain lands involved him in hostilities with the Transvaal Boers, and eventually led to the annexation of that Republic. But Sococoeni has not been crushed. He took advantage of the change of masters to rest his assagaimen, but, Sir Theophilus Shepstone having unaccountably neither crushed the barbarian entirely, nor settled the subject in dispute, he has again taken the field with 12,000 fighting men, and has only recently repulsed a small force of volunteers. Hitherto, however, the great mass of the Zulus have been kept quiet through the neutrality of Cetewayo, their paramount king. But there are signs that this neutrality will, unless active measures are taken, be of short duration. He is reported to have been trying to buy ammunition of the Portuguese at Delagoa Bay, and, having been refused, to have declared that, "as soon as he wipes out the British," he will attend to the subjects of King Louis. Be that as it may, he is sullenly discontent, and loud in his demands for justice according to his ideas of *meum* and *tuum*. The annexation of Pondoland and the mouth of the St. John River, and the treatment of some of the friendly natives who assisted us during the war very much after the style in which Roumania was rewarded by Russia, have further intensified the Kaffir hatred of the English. There is yet time to pacify Cetewayo; and, as the pacification of South Africa means being friendly with over 500,000 people who can send 80,000 practised warriors into the field, it is plain that not one hour is to be lost.

We have received the following letter from our Paris correspondent:—M. Gambetta has resisted all the solicitations of his friends to accept power as President of the Council of Ministers after the Senatorial Elections of the 5th of January. He was quite determined, at all events for some time to come, to retain his present position, and to continue to exercise his power in the lobbies of the House, without assuming any responsibility. There were many symptoms in the late debates which tend to show that this power is by no means so great as formerly. The majority has shown itself restive, especially on certain financial questions connected with the magnificent projects of M. Freycinet, Minister of Public Works. It becomes more and more certain, from day to day, that M. Dufaure will retain the Presidency of the Council after the coming Senatorial elections. This would be a happy circumstance for the future of the Republic; for, with M. Dufaure in power, no project for the abolition of the permanency of the Judicial Bench would be feared, nor the stupid political blunder of impeaching the Ministers of the 16th May. This measure appears, as time goes on, to be chimerical and foolish in the highest degree, and the more serious of the Republican papers only speak of it with coldness and a certain amount of aversion.

The new Prefect of Odessa, General Geintz—who, on account of his personal ugliness and fierceness of disposition, is known in the Russian army as Suworoff the Second—is likely to earn the goodwill of the Nihilists by his determination to have nothing to do with the old pettifogging police system of killing state prisoners by inches. A few days ago he paid an unexpected visit to the city goal, in which are confined nearly 400 Nihilists awaiting trial, at the moment that dinner was about to be served out, and ordered a portion to be set before him to taste. The soup he found so vile, and the black bread so sour and mouldy, that he stopped the issue of the rations, and ordered the prison committee to be summoned to the gaol, where, on their arrival, they received a "dressing down" from the late Governor-General of the Kirghiz tribes. He then proceeded to the "Dark Chamber," in which was confined a Nihilist, named Malinka, suffering punishment for insubordination in refusing to eat his dinner; and, after seeing him removed to his proper cell, he went round to the rest of the political offenders and told them that for the future, if they behaved themselves, he would take care that they should not be subjected to eating "muck which was neither fit for a prison committee nor swine to touch!"

At the general meeting of the Imperial Continental Gas Association, the chairman (Sir Julian Goldsmid, Bart., M.P.) pointed out the utter groundlessness of the "scare" in gas shares. He showed that the Jablochkoff electric lights at Paris, each equal to twelve gas lights, cost the Municipality 1 franc 25 centimes per hour, while twelve gas lights would have cost 24 centimes only. Apart from the great expense of this, the Rapieff and other systems of electric lighting would, he thought, preclude any diminution of the consumption of gas for many years. The gist of the chairman's speech was, however, the reasoning in which he bases the opinion that electricity will never supersede gas. He pointed out that all light demands a certain waste of power, and that gas is at present the only system of lighting in which that waste is largely utilised by the sale of residual products. The logical conclusion, therefore, is that, however much electric lighting may be improved and cheapened, it must always be dearer than gas. It is likely, however, to be adopted for certain purposes, notwithstanding its price, just as many people use wax candles to light their drawing rooms.

Several stories are in circulation in St. Petersburg respecting the manner that the horse used by the assassins of General Mezentsoff was finally discovered. According to the report most generally received, two writers belonging to the Préfecture were accosted a short while ago in a restaurant by an individual who offered to pay them handsomely if they would supply him with copies of the police notices circulated

by the Prefect. The writers agreed to his terms, and then communicated with the Secret Police, who, after watching his movements some time, at last arrested him. On being interrogated, he described himself as being a peasant from the province of Vyatka, and that his name was Joukovsky. In his pocket the police found a note ordering him to give a price for a horse corresponding with the amount which the authorities were already aware had been paid for the black stallion used by the two assassins, and another piece of paper informing them that the horse in question was in the stables of the Russian Tattersall. On proceeding thither the police found that the horse had been left there on the day of the assassination, and that nothing had been paid for its keep since. Persons who were witness of the flight of the murderers identified the animal at once, and afterwards, from a number of criminals, picked out Joukovsky as being the coachman who had driven the assassins away from the scene of the crime. The hope is expressed that, now that one of the accomplices is secured, he may be induced to confess the names and whereabouts of the persons who instigated the assassination.

The "small state of siege," as the Prussians call the application of the law against the Social Democrats, is being put in force at Berlin with the greatest rigour. Not only have several men who are unconnected with any Socialistic body, but are known to have Socialistic sympathies, been expelled from the city, but the decree of expulsion has also been issued against a number of ladies whose chief crime seems to be that they have been promoters of what we should call women's rights. Even the governmental papers point out that the rigid measures, which have produced much dissatisfaction and a great deal of real distress, must materially diminish the true heartiness of the Emperor's reception in his capital, whatever be the extent of the apparent enthusiasm.

English people who contemplate travelling in Prussia with their families are reminded of a police regulation which, it appears, is now put in force with uncompromising severity. A gentleman arriving at an hotel with a lady is required to prove that she is his wife, daughter, or sister. A passport including the whole family is not considered sufficient evidence; either each lady must have a separate one, showing her relationship to her male travelling companion, or she must be provided with a certificate of marriage, or of birth, as the case may be.

We extract the following from the *Lancet*:—"In an interesting report on 'Sanitary Measures in India,' which has just been presented to Parliament, it appears that 21,682 fatal cases from attacks of wild animals had occurred in ten provinces, the largest being in Bengal—viz., 10,062. The deaths from snake-bites alone in the Punjab last year were 828, against 979 in the preceding year. Surgeon Wall gives a graphic description of the fatal effects of a cobra's bite on a hindoo coolie, and also the results of several experiments from the bite of a cobra on pariah dogs, where, in every case, the animal died within an hour of the bite; in many, in less than half that time. The whole report of twenty-one folio pages will well repay perusal."

THE EXAMINER.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1878.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH AND THE DEBATE.

If it were possible to argue the length of a Session from the length of the Queen's Speech that introduces it, Her Majesty's faithful Lords and Commons ought to be compensated for their unseasonable assemblage this winter by a very early dismissal next summer. Students of the comparative phenomena of Queen's Speeches are rare, and it is not easy to decide off hand whether the oration of Thursday was or was not the shortest ever delivered from the English or any other Throne. But it does not seem likely that its pre-eminence in this respect can be disputed. A statement of the fact that we are at war with Afghanistan, a very business-like demand for money, and a reference of no very precise character to the Treaty of Berlin; these were its contents. They offered a fine opportunity, of which honourable members were not slow to avail themselves, of indulging in a well-known style of criticism. When your critic of a certain class can find nothing to the presence of which he can object, the resource of finding fault with the absence of something is always open to him. Lord Granville could hardly get over his disappointment at finding nothing about the depression of trade, the noble lord being apparently under the impression that it is Her Majesty's duty annually to compose a little essay on the general condition of her dominions. Several Irish members were very angry because the name of the sister island was not mentioned. As for the general public both inside and outside the walls of the Palace of Westminster, it may safely be asserted that the speech came very near their expectations of its nature. It was pretty well understood that the Government would, in familiar phrase, cut it short. The Session, or at least its pre-Christmas portion, is understood to be intended for one purpose only, the provision of sinews for the existing war. Miscellaneous legislation is put off with the full dress dinners and other "trimmings" till a more convenient season.

If, however, there was no particular interest in the Speech itself, it cannot be said that the debates which followed it in both Houses were devoid of attraction. That the Government had a stroke of great luck in the news from the Koorum Valley expedition is unquestionable. Everybody had been growing more or less uncomfortable about this portion of our forces since the news which arrived in the earlier part of the week. There can be little doubt that, had General Roberts suffered another check instead of gaining a brilliant success, the hands of the Opposition would have been greatly strengthened, though their hearts, we may trust, would have been, as all Englishmen's hearts should be under such circumstances, sad enough. As it was, they were at least prevented from pointing their moral of fault-finding with a moving tale of ill success. The ingenious persons who suppose that Lord Beaconsfield cannot drink his tea without stratagem hit, we believe, on a brilliant idea. In reference to this news, the battle took place some hours if not some days before the news came; why was it not known earlier? Doubtless, the Prime Minister had in-

structed Lord Lytton to keep it back, in order to produce a striking effect. But the Opposition leaders do not seem to have thought of this ingenious theory. Their task must have been depressing enough, and they exhibited the tokens of depression in different and characteristic ways. Everybody except red-hot partisans knows that the present war is in some respects very clearly open to criticism. The Opposition, though they are most decidedly not the persons to criticise it, have lifted up their critical voices loudly of late, but the old spell, which in six sessions they have seemed unable to shake off, weighs upon them still. They cannot, it seems, be induced to show fight fairly and directly. If Lord Hartington and Lord Granville had said openly, "We think this war unjustifiable and wrong, we think the conduct of Ministers disgraceful, and we shall take the constitutional means of showing our thoughts by moving an amendment to the Address, by refusing supplies, and by any other means possible," it would have been a bold step, certainly. It would, moreover, have been a step of very questionable patriotism. But it would have been an intelligible step, consistent with Party and Parliamentary Government, and even those who most disapproved of its import could not have objected to its form. It would, moreover, we may take the liberty of saying, have contributed, in all probability, more than anything else, to the formation of a solid, though possibly a diminished Opposition. If, on the other hand, they had said, "We cannot take upon ourselves such a responsibility as this; we shall, therefore, recording the briefest possible protest, hold our tongues," they would also have taken an intelligible and manly course. But, as usual, they have endeavoured to do something between the two. Lord Granville will not join Lord Grey in meeting the Government with lance in rest, but he conceives it to be a suitable occasion for reviving all the dreary jangle as to whether Lord Cranbrook said what he ought to have said, and as to whether Lord Northbrook knew when he was snubbed. He will not give Ministers the lie direct about Afghanistan, but he is quite ready to joke about Christianity in Cyprus. The leader of the Opposition in the Lower House had a more unpleasant part to play even than this. There is a world-famous joke about a former light of the Liberal party "chalking up No Popery" and running away Lord Hartington excelled even this feat. He did not exactly chalk up no war, and then run away, but he intimated, in choice language, that it was not at all improbable that another boy would chalk it up next week, and that he, the Leader of the Opposition, would then make up his mind whether he would run away or not. Lord Hartington will not oppose the vote of supply, but Mr. Fawcett (it goes near to be thought, shortly) will. Lord Hartington will not propose a vote of censure on the Government, but it is not at all improbable that Mr. Whitbread or Mr. Jenkins, or Mr. Smith or Mr. Brown, may do so; that is to say, we shall have two weary debates conducted with the usual unreality, and at the end of one, or both, or neither, we shall have a division, in which Lord Hartington will or will not vote. We really do not know whether Liberals or Conservatives ought to be most disgusted at this spectacle. From a purely party point of view, it is, of course, all that the supporters of Government can in their wildest moments desire. But if Party government is to be of any use—if the functions of Her Majesty's Opposition are not a mere farce—then the present incumbents of that office are, without exception, the most incapable on record. Such conduct as theirs practically leaves a Government, which happens to be pretty strong, at liberty to do exactly as it pleases. It may be wrong, it may be right; but the check of an Opposition, acting in the legitimate way, is not there to keep it right, or to restrain it from wrong. Such conduct, moreover, favours and renders almost inevitable the irregular methods of Opposition by committees, conferences, packed meetings, and the rest of it, which have been of late so rife. If Lord Hartington and his party cannot make up their minds to show fight, they had much better keep a discreet silence for the present, and wait for a more favourable opportunity of attacking the Government in the traditional parliamentary manner.

AFGHANISTAN.

The voluminous despatches which have been published by the Government concerning our relations with Afghanistan are so complete and exhaustive that no one can have any excuse for not understanding fully the unfortunate situation in which the country now finds itself. The present war has been pronounced by *The Times* to be an unpopular one, nor is that to be wondered at, for we have learnt with some shame that it is the direct result of the weakness and incapacity of our former rulers. Until the year 1874 an unhappy delusion seems to have possessed the minds of Indian statesmen, namely, that the proper policy to pursue towards the country which lies between us and Russia was one of "masterly inactivity." The Treaty of 1855 between India and Afghanistan was a one-sided arrangement, binding us to nothing; and most faithfully have the Indian Viceroys observed it. Ameer after Ameer has been accepted as the recognised ruler of Afghanistan, and every attempt to fix on the throne a reigning dynasty has been coldly and haughtily declined by the Indian Government.

As early as 1868 Sir Henry Rawlinson warned his colleagues of the danger they were running in leaving the Afghans free to sell themselves to the highest bidder; and he pointed out, in an able and vigorous despatch, the growing danger of the Russian advances. Nevertheless, his proposals to strengthen our connection with Afghanistan, and to improve our communications with the frontier, were not favourably received by Lord Lawrence and the Indian Council, who still considered that the moment had not arrived for abandoning their former policy of caution and reserve, a policy which was bluntly termed by Sir Bartle Frere "no policy at all." The capture of Khiva by the troops of the Czar, and the rapid progress of the Russians in Central Asia, alarmed the Ameer so much that he applied to Lord Northbrook for protection and for some definite agreement; but the delusion was not yet dispelled, and his overtures met with the same reception as before. Assurances were given him of the friendly understanding that existed between Russia and England, and promises were made of further doles of money and arms. The good feeling which Lord Northbrook assures us was elicited from the Ameer by this wise conduct is manifested in the following reply:—

"All that has been written regarding the northern boundary I have fully understood, and I offer up my grateful thanks to the Almighty that peace and tranquillity have, praise be to God, been established in all States in perpetuity, and that doubts and disputes have on every side been removed; and that such security has been established in all

countries that no aggression will be made, nor will any Power raise discussions and disputes with another within the dominions of that Power; and that the use of inimical expressions has been discontinued in diplomatic correspondence, and that peace and tranquillity have been secured to the whole world.

"I hope Your Excellency will consider me as your sincere friend, and will continue to gratify me with friendly letters containing accounts of your good health."

This letter, couched as it is in terms of the deepest and most stinging irony, seems to have been taken seriously by the Indian Government; for, when Lord Salisbury became Secretary of State, and directed Lord Northbrook to commence negotiations for the admission of British envoys to Candahar and Herat, he was informed that such a proceeding would tend to destroy the friendly feeling which the Ameer still entertained for our Government. Happily, Lord Salisbury was firm; for when, at last, endeavours were made to gain the assent of the Ameer to the very Treaty which he had formerly been so anxious to obtain, it was discovered that, so far from being friendly to our Government, Shere Ali was thoroughly dissatisfied with what he considered to be our selfish and timid attitude towards him, that he had actually commenced diplomatic intercourse with General Kaufmann, and that he was on the point of throwing himself into the arms of Russia. In fact, it has now become painfully apparent that the policy which is still so eagerly defended by those whose only desire is to turn out the present Government has been a miserable failure. Masterly inactivity has converted a friend into an enemy, and masterly inactivity has furnished him with money and supplies to be used against us. It is most unfortunate that the outbreak of hostilities between Russia and Turkey prevented the Government from signing a treaty with the Ameer which would have guaranteed his territories from foreign aggression and would have given us a military control of the frontier. Shere Ali is now disposed to listen to the seductive advances of Russia, and we have our own former negligence to thank for the failure of the late negotiations.

The late transactions of the present Ministry have been keenly criticised by Mr. Gladstone in a speech which, for eloquence and power of language, is perhaps the greatest oratorical achievement that he has ever made. His ironical attack, however, upon Lord Cranbrook, with regard to the ninth paragraph of the November despatch, in reality applies to his own remarks. His assertions taken by themselves are perfectly true, but he leaves out of consideration so much that is equally true and by far more important, that the force of his reasoning is completely destroyed. It is true that an earnest effort was made by Lord Salisbury to depart from the policy of his predecessors, but it must be remembered that the Russian advances in Central Asia were threatening the safety of our Empire, and that the attitude of Shere Ali was one of sullen reserve. Lord Lawrence and the Duke of Argyll both admitted that the reception of a Russian envoy by the Ameer of Afghanistan would necessitate a more active policy on our part. Not only has an emissary of the Czar been admitted into Cabul, but an English mission has been refused. Why are we not informed by Mr. Gladstone what is the proper course to be pursued under the circumstances, and why is Lord Beaconsfield to be blamed for taking measures which the advocates of "masterly inactivity" themselves have declared to be necessary? The right honourable member for Greenwich suggests that the offence has been committed by the Czar, and that in retaliation we are about to attack "the poor, trembling, shuddering Ameer of Afghanistan." As a rhetorical artifice, this assertion is clever, but it is absolutely false. With Russia we have no *casus belli*, but our case against the Ameer is perfectly clear. By the Treaty of 1855 he is bound to maintain friendly relations with us, but ever since the year 1873 his attitude has been one of hostility. He has refused, with insult, to allow the Yarkand Envoy a free passage through his territory; he has allowed the murderer of Captain Macdonald to remain at large; he has left a proposal of our Government for the demarcation of his boundaries unanswered; he has tampered with the loyalty of the border tribes; he has endeavoured to organise a general jehad against the British Government; and he has refused to admit a friendly mission from India while openly entertaining the Envoys of Russia. The object of the present war with Afghanistan has been correctly described by the Prime Minister, namely, a rectification of our frontier since Shere Ali has thrown himself into the arms of Russia and we have lost our neutral zone. Nor is there any evidence before the public to accuse Lord Beaconsfield of further designs. Up to the present time, the success of our generals has been decided. The passes of the mountains once in our hands, there will be no necessity for further operations until the spring. By that time it is to be hoped that Shere Ali will have come to his senses, and that the Afghan difficulty will have been satisfactorily settled.

THE STRANGER IN PARLIAMENT.

We are supposed to be at a crisis of our national history, and the legislature is called suddenly together, but only the pigeons in Palace Yard seem disturbed at the occasion. The birds, no longer of augury, circle round and round in front of Westminster Hall, and perch upon its sham battlements. A crowd of cabmen have scented the session from afar, but that sublime entity, the public, is conspicuous by its absence. Noon booms from the great tower, and another hour passes away, but still no crowd has come forth to see the members flock to Westminster; and no crowd will do so, for up till the last moment of opening the House scarcely a score of idlers hang about its precincts.

Inside, the House is murky. The burners in the lantern roof are not lit, and only a glimmer of gas is shed from a few descending points of fire. A poor sort of daylight straggles through the painted upper windows upon the empty benches of the floor and galleries, upon the clock marking the hour of half-past one, and upon twenty-two members of Parliament and others standing in broken groups between the entrance from the lobby and the end of the table, where the unconscious mace will presently lend dignity to the scene. But now the House fills rapidly. Sir George Balfour takes his seat, from the front of which, not many hours hence, he will sadden the dry debate. Lord Barrington, Sir William Edmonstone and Sir James Elphinstone, range themselves for the combat. The white beard and gold spectacles of restless Lord Robert Montagu move in and out like a peaceful oriflamme mingling with the remarkable head of the member for Dundee, the grave face of Sir Charles Dilke, and the unmistakeable physiognomy of the all-pervading Mr. Mundella.

The ceremony of the pasteboard having been strictly ob-

served, members rise from their carded seats to greet Mr. Speaker. No sooner is the mace laid upon the table than the mechanical delivery of the chaplain vexes the ear. The House is at prayers. Then comes the social rite of shaking hands with Mr. Speaker, members filing past the front Ministerial bench to catch the descending, pump-handle movement of the great official's arm. It is two o'clock, and men of all parties and of no party are gossiping upon the floor of the House. Suddenly, two distinct knocks are heard at the closed door. At that by no means dread summons the portal is flung open, and the Usher of the Black Rod, General Sir William Knollys, in Windsor uniform, riband and glistening star, advances to the table, and bids the Commons arise and go to the other House and hear the Queen's Speech read. Then Black Rod, profoundly respecting the dignity of Mr. Speaker's office, retires backwards, not without danger of a tumble; and the Speaker, rising, takes his place in rear of the Sergeant-at-Arms bearing that solemn bauble, the mace, and, followed by a rout of members, passes out into the lobby, whence proceeds the mighty voice of Mr. Denning, calling out, "Hats off for the Speaker!" After a pause, the jovial Mr. Delahunty follows the crowd, and the Lower House of Parliament is left desolate. In due time members return to gossip, and even Ministers come in and take their seats, and rise and go out again. The House is adjourned until a quarter-past four o'clock.

When members reassembled for the evening sitting, the crimson curtains are drawn close, the strangers' gallery is already filled, and beauty looks down upon what is supposed to be eloquence from behind the grates. Next we have the introduction of new members, and the notices of motion. And, when Mr. Stanhope proposes that the revenues of India shall be applied to the payment of the little war in Afghanistan, there is heard the first cheer of the winter session of 1878. But a still louder cheer arises when, in answer to Mr. Ritchie, Mr. Stanhope announces the victory at Peiwar!

It was five o'clock when, the Speaker having read the Queen's Speech, Lord Castlereagh, who is not a great orator, rose to move the Address. As the noble lord proceeded with his difficult task, it seemed a thousand pities that the Address could not be moved by machinery. The hard, clear voice of Mr. Hall, the seconder, relieved the ear; and, with the first sound of Lord Hartington's practised art, the debate began. From twenty minutes to six until a quarter before seven Lord Hartington, now caressing the Opposition despatch box, and anon fondling his hands behind him, poured out a stream of—words.

There are four nouns, namely, A*f*ghanistan, Cabul, Shere Ali, and Ameer, the pronunciation of which should, before further damage is done, be settled by Act of Parliament. During the debate of Thursday these words were thus variously pronounced:—*A*fghanistan, Afg*han*istan, Afghan*is*tan, Afghanis*tan*, Afghanistaun, and Afghanistarn; Kä-bull, Caw-bull, Car-bull, and Ko-ball; Shere Alley, Shere-Al*i*, and Sheer Alée; Am-eer, Armeer, *A*-meer, and A*meer*.

Lord Hartington is followed by Mr. Gladstone, in what may be called an undress speech; and the ex-Premier in turn is succeeded by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose dull and laboured periods at last gave way to the sprightly manner of Sir Charles Dilke. Tell it not in Gath. But during the speech of the tribune for Chelsea the house might have been counted out. Next we have Mr. Forster, and, next and worse, the metallic tones and dogmatic manner of Lord Robert Montagu, who, at forty minutes past nine, informed the House of Commons that Lord Lytton ought to compose a poem "on the sorrows of being a viceroy." Then Sir George Balfour maundered on to almost empty benches, the very strangers in the gallery going out in driblets. At length, Mr. Downing struck up an Irish tune, and, after a reply from Mr. Stanhope, including an amendment to the Address, and a long rambling speech from Mr. Childers, The O'Connor Power led off an Irish jig, followed by Mr. A. M. Sullivan and Major Nolan—with an interval of refreshment by Sir John Lubbock—and a final burst of Irish fireworks by the Knight of the colossal blonde moustache, the Chevalier O'Clery. The eloquence of the Irish Members burned like fire and flowed like water. To hear them hurl anathemas against the Saxon, you might have supposed that they had been brought in fetters from Ireland. These simple Celtic gentlemen seem the veritable successors of the prophets who lived in caves on the hillsides of Jerusalem the Golden and preached the destruction of the world.

At last, Mr. Cross rises and promises that, if the Irish Members will be good boys, something shall be done for them next session. Then, the House having adjourned until Monday, the Sergeant-at-Arms dashes up to the table, and, shouldering the mace with alacrity, we all go home—some of us—to bed.

OUR SCIENTIFIC FRONTIER.

II.

The city of Peshawur lies in a natural basin, surrounded on three sides by an amphitheatre of hills. Taking our stand in the front of the Cantonment facing nearly due North, we have on our extreme right, extending to the very banks of the Indus, a mountain barrier, beyond which lie those regions of evil repute, the Swat and Bunair valleys. On the southern slopes of these hills, and occupying the intervening plain, are the tribe of *Yuzufzais;* the terminal character of which name, so universal in their mother land, betraying their Pathán origin. About four centuries ago they had crossed the mountains from Afghanistan, in quest of richer pasture for their flocks. Easily mastering and expelling the quiet Hindus, who for long centuries, even before the days of Alexander the Great, had been in possession of these fertile plains, and the still more ancient Goorkas and other aboriginal children of the soil, they settled down in this tract. While putting forth a traditional claim to be *Beni-Israel*, they were rather Ishmaelite in character; soon casting off subjection to Cabul, and only using their independence to keep up constant warfare with their neighbours, tribe against tribe, and family against family—family feuds and clan strifes within, pillage and plunder without, were their normal condition; now they are comparatively inoffensive, peaceful, and contented subjects, giving the best of their men for service in our "Guide Corps" and Punjab Frontier force.

One incident in their history may help to explain their present attitude towards the English. In the year 1823 the Yuzufzais were conquered by the Sikhs, and in the days when General Avitabile ruled with an iron rod at Peshawur it may be well believed they had no peaceful time of it. Fourteen years after, Dost Mohamed Khan, the Dourani ruler of Cabul, succeeded in, for a time, recovering this outlying province of his empire, having defeated the Sikhs in the memorable battle of Jumrood, in which Runjit Singh lost his best general, Hurri Singh Nulwa; but Dost Mahomed Khan,

instead of returning to Cabul by the Khyber, passed down through the Yuzufzais country, plundering everywhere, and carrying with him the curses of the Patháns, who denounced him as a more ruthless tyrant than even Runjit Singh or Avitabile, into whose hands they again fell. With the tyranny of the Sikh and the plundering of the Afghan fresh in their memory, it is little to be wondered at that the Yuzufzai accepted with resignation, if not contentment, the more reasonable and just rule of the English. For now, where in former years the tiller of the soil would be seen following his plough with a matchlock slung on his back, and a tulwar at his side, in hourly danger of attack, he appears without his weapons of defence, in comparative security of person and property, and the whole aspect of the Yuzufzai country accords with this happy change.

But we no sooner reach their western boundary, where the Swats river flows into the Lundi, than the scene changes. Now begins that cordon of strong forts planted along the border line, which tells that our neighbours have had many a lesson of civilisation to learn. At the very junction of the rivers is Fort Shabkadt; while higher up the stream of the Swats river, at the point where it enters English territory, is the Fort Abozai; and again, where the Lundi, escaping from its mountain gorge, passes our frontier line, stands that of Mitchine; for, where the spur of the Hindoo-Cush range runs down between these two rivers, the Momunds have their home, a Pathán race, whose settlement in these hills probably dates back from the invasion of Mahmud-Gori in the twelfth century. They are by some regarded as more civilised than their Afridi neighbours on the south of the Lundi, but from their more secluded and isolated homes among the mountains, where for years they have been subsidised by the Ameer, they have assumed an antagonistic relation to Peshawur, which their innate haughtiness and pride have helped to encourage, though, of late years, an estrangement from the Ameer appears to have thrown even them into a more friendly attitude with the English.

Crossing the Lundi river we enter the region of the Afridis, a name embracing a variety of tribes, of whom it may be said, if report be true, that they were among the most thieving, the most bloodthirsty, the most savage of the Pathán races. Yet, even upon such unpromising material, close contact with the authorities at Peshawur seems to have wrought no little change. No tribe, perhaps, has felt more frequently, or more severely, the punishment which is technically called "a state of blockade," all intercourse, commercial and social, with Peshawur and its valley cut off, and every member of the interdicted tribe found within the forbidden district seized and kept in durance vile until the submission of his clan, a punishment which comes home to them in their persons and their pockets with a severity which none but those familiar with frontier life can realise. And the Afridis have undoubtedly learnt to appreciate the firm, consistent, if sometimes stern justice dealt out to all alike. It has done much to subdue, at least, their marauding tendencies, even if it have failed to put a stop to their blood feuds. The Forts of Jamrood, Bara, and Mackeson, along their frontier line, indicate the prevalence of a state of disorder and misrule, which rendered such defences necessary; while the frequent appearance of the sturdy Afridi in the ranks and as non-commissioned officers in our Frontier Force testify to the change that is passing over them, more, perhaps, than the recent presence of two of their Khans or tribal chiefs accompanying our advanced embassy to Ali Musjid.

There is one tribe of Afridis requiring especial notice: those adjoining the Khyber, and thereby constituted the guardians of the pass. These are sometimes promiscuously called Khyberie and Afridis, but the distinction is important; they are a clan or tribe whose very position, with its responsibilities and its power, gives them especial prominence in this district. These are the men who were such a terror to the Sikhs in 1842, and these are the men regarding whose action at the present moment, and for some months to come, perhaps, so much anxiety is felt.

For it is to the Khyber Pass that all eyes and thoughts are now turned, as being the opening scene of the great drama being enacted on the frontier. It offers the most direct route between Hindostan and Cabul. Through its awful gorges most of the invaders of Hindostan have passed. From the point at which it debouches on the Peshawur plain, four miles beyond the Jamrood Fort, it runs some five-and-twenty miles in a north-westerly direction, between precipitous walls of rock, its roadway little better than a torrent bed, sometimes a running stream, strewn with massive boulders and loose stones, narrowing inwards in a tortuous course, until at a distance of some eight miles it opens out in front of the strong, fortified rock of Ali Musjid, which frowns defiance upon the bold intruder. That once passed, the road becomes comparatively wider and less difficult, until it reaches the valley or plain of Dakka, where the Lundi reappears, and green fields open to the view. This pass has more than once proved a very Thermopylæ; in former days a mere handful of armed mountaineers would have been able to stop an army attempting to force its way through the gorge. The Khyberie crowning the heights, themselves out of sight or out of range, could sweep the gorge with the withering fire of their *jezails*, or bury their helpless foes under boulders or fragments of rock hurled down from above. In 1842, Pollock, when he marched to relieve the "illustrious garrison" of Jellalabad, and to retrieve the honour of England in the Sudder Bazaar of Cabul, showed how the pass was to be threaded; carrying the heights tier after tier, and clearing them of their deadly marksmen, the force below marched on in comparative safety.

So wholly does the recent policy of the Ameer seem to have alienated even the most friendly of these mountain tribes, that the very Khyberie, his sworn liege-men and once-subsidized feudatories, seem ready to further rather than to retard the advance of the English columns against the stronghold of their Pathán chief

Passing southward from Jamrud and the Khyber, following the curve of the hills in an elbow nearly opposite Fort Bara is, we find, another pass, less direct, and, perhaps, even less easy, and therefore less frequented, yet not without its importance in the present campaign. It is called the Teera Pass, held by an Afridi tribe called Orakyais. It was by this pass that Nadir Shah in 1738 invaded India, the Khyber being closed against him. It leads direct to the foot of Safid Koh, "The White Mountain," and opens out into the Lálpúra plain, then falling into the more direct Khyber route. Beyond Fort Bara, and skirting up the spur of hills which, forming the southern side of the Peshawur Valley, extends almost to Attock, we come upon another Pathán tribe, called Khattalers, presenting a marked contrast to their more northern neighbours. They have been described by one who knew them well as "a most favourable specimen of Patháns." A brave and independent race, industrious, and even actively engaged in trade, they, says the same authority, are "the

only Afghan tribe which can lay claim to faithfulness." But midway between the Khattalers and Orakyais on the Bara is a tribe of far less good repute, called the Adam-Khails, through whose territory passes the direct road from Peshawur to Kohat, the most important after Jamrud of all our frontier forts. This road was cut, and had to be held *vi et armis* to escape the necessity of a tedious circuit round the Kattaik spur of the mountains. Thirty years, however, of such armed occupation, and an administration of rigour when necessary, but without cruelty, the exhibition of many sad examples of the justice, if severity, of English law and power, have done something to tame these marauders and murderers, these cattle lifters and burners of villages, until even the Adam-Khail has become almost a respectable, if not quite peaceful, neighbour.

THE THAMES AND THE METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS.

Saturday, the 30th of November, 1878, will long be remembered as a grand and notable day in the annals of the Metropolitan Board of Works. Its early dawn was marked by the appearance in the daily papers of a "report" drawn up by the engineers of the Board, in which, with all due solemnity, and with magisterial authority, an account was rendered of the state of the Thames below London Bridge. Hardly had the public had time to peruse this document and feel duly thankful for it, when we were startled by the announcement that the Board itself had chartered a steamer, organised a levy of its subordinates and advisers, and proceeded in person to the scene of the inquiry. Twelve precious souls or more, including the chairman and most of the upper staff of the Board, not to mention a variety of minor dignitaries, friends, admirers, and other folk of an inquisitive turn of mind, were all exposed to the perils of river navigation, and bent, no doubt, upon a mission of duty and kindness on behalf of the ratepayers. There was no difficulty in guessing at the cause of this remarkable expedition—from which, by the way, we rejoice to find that the travellers returned in safety—for it was not darkly hinted at in the report already mentioned. Sir Joseph Bazalgette, without intending any joke at all, had recommended the august body to embark on some such voyage, and, as he expressed it, to "take the evidence of their own senses" as to the alleged foul state of the river. Possibly some critics unadmitted to the council chamber in Spring-gardens might doubt whether the evidence in question was of a sort to which either courts of law or public opinion would attach the highest weight. But, in the estimation of Sir J. M. Hogg and his colleagues, we may be sure that no testimony could possibly be more conclusive; and hence the alacrity with which they took the hint thrown out to them by their faithful servant and engineer. They have gone, they have seen, and they have smelt; they have also collected in a large number of glass bottles a great many specimens of Thames corruption. Whether they have conquered, in their own acceptation of the word—that is to say, whether they have procured evidence wherewith to rebut the charges brought against them—is a matter which still, we fear, must remain for a time in doubt.

The remarkable display of activity thus made by the Board of Works is, however, in itself a sufficiently noteworthy sign of the times. A public body, gifted with powers of apathy and obstruction which Edmund Burke would have called superhuman, does not expose itself to the inconveniences and dangers of a November day spent on the lower Thames unless it has a shrewd suspicion that there is some very serious grievance to be seen to. We may take it for granted that the Board has gradually been arriving at a conviction that there is "something rotten in the state" of the river below bridges. Nay, we may almost trace the steps by which this conviction has been driven home, and see how the force of public opinion has at last reduced some of its members to a state which in ordinary mortals might be called alarm, but in the present case may be described as a little uneasiness. It is just about a year since an independent critic, a person eminently qualified by experience and scientific knowledge to form a just opinion, announced to the inhabitants of London that their drains were poisoning the chief river in the country. Captain Calver undertook to show by figures that the sewage poured into the Thames a few miles below London remained for the most part oscillating to and fro within a very short distance of the City, while a large quantity of it made its way up to the river walls of the metropolis, depositing, as it floated along, banks of pestiferous slime and detritus which must sooner or later impede the navigation. At that time the principal interest excited by the disclosures thus made had reference to the channel of the river as a navigable stream, and to the chance of its being silted up and obstructed. There was a vigorous discussion, also, as to the possibility and expediency of using the sewage for manurial purposes; but the question of injury to the river in a sanitary point of view was almost left out of sight. We are indebted to the *Princess Alice* disaster for reviving the subject in this latter aspect, which bids fair, after all, to eclipse all the others in interest.

Regarding the matter, then, for the present, merely as it affects the health of the population, it is possible to arrive at some conclusions which few will gainsay, and which can hardly fail to lead very shortly to serious discussions in Parliament. It is admitted that a stream of polluted liquid, many thousand gallons in volume, and containing in itself, either in solution or in suspense, some tons of corrupt matter, is discharged twice a day from outlets on each bank into the river just below Woolwich. It is admitted that the outflow thus discharged retains, for a long time at least, its noxious and pestiferous character, floating in a dark, clearly-defined line for miles along the side of the channel. It is alleged—and has never been disproved—that a large part of this corrupt outflow is carried up towards London, while the report most favourable to the Board only states that it makes its way downwards at the rate of one mile a day. Is it, even by the light of this evidence, credible that an almost constant influx into the river of so vast a mass of corrupt matter can fail to infect the stream for a very large part of its course? Is it possible to believe that the state of the river, whatever it may be, is not continually becoming more unhealthy? Neither common sense nor chemistry, neither theory nor experience, can lead us to any such belief.

As for the Metropolitan Board of Works, it is natural that they should decline to see what injury is done to the river by the sewage. They have constructed the works which they were authorised to construct; and, it must be confessed, have done that work with credit. They have built pumping-stations, fitted with the most improved boilers and engines, regardless of expense, ornamented with pretty cornices and tasteful carving and beautifully chased doors—quite a feature

in the landscape, although, perhaps, architectural triumphs are rather thrown away upon the neighbourhood of the Plumstead Marshes. But the drains and culverts, and reservoirs and pumps, are an admitted success; and a great many of the ratepayers' pence and halfpence have been lavished on the construction of them. It is truly cruel to turn round now upon those who did the work, and declare that the outfalls are a public nuisance, and the whole thing a mistake. Consequently, the Board will have the Thames water samples analysed—by their own chemical experts. They have already had the state of the river examined—by their own engineers; and they have now had the odours of Barking and Crossness smelt and tested—by their own nostrils. Very possibly, Sir James Hogg and his satellites imagine that the world in general, and London in particular, will regard the conclusions thus arrived at as a fair solution of the difficulty. No one who knows anything of the Board of Works would be surprised at such an idea. But do the inferences so shown and to be drawn in any way answer the charges brought against the Board of Works? The engineer's report is a very feeble defence, almost admitting the nuisance itself, justifying it partly on the ground that the district is not densely populated, and partly by the plea that other causes are also at work in the same direction, and, finally, suggesting that, if the nuisance is to be removed, he is perfectly ready and able to do it. The tests applied last Saturday may be pronounced favourable or unfavourable—we must wait till the result of them is made known. But it is ridiculous to suppose that an examination of the river on a cool and windy November day can afford a refutation of charges made against it in a still and sultry month in summer or autumn.

One of the most favourite sophisms employed by the Board and its friends in dealing with the matter is to regard it as a question of degree—to pretend that it is perfectly legitimate to pollute the river so long as that climax is not reached at which the water becomes manifestly a source of disease. But the question—or, at least, one very pertinent question—is, why should it be polluted at all? Why should the Thames be subjected to an insult and injury from which all the minor rivers are now protected by law? It is asserted, and with truth, that the contents of the sewers cannot be made to "pay" as a fertilising agent; and this one response is sometimes taken as conclusive, justifying a masterly inaction in which things must be allowed to take their course. Other wiseacres have ventured to say that the sewage cannot be pumped, that it is hopelessly impure; as if the water companies were not every day pumping tons of water much more difficult to deal with, and as if the sewage farms of the Lea and other rivers were not in perfectly successful operation. The Board of Works is very much mistaken if it supposes that this question can now be met by subterfuges. What we expect is either a complete and satisfactory proof that the outfalls do and will do no damage to the public health, or else a bill in Parliament authorising the Board to rid us of the nuisance. It is becoming more and more plain that in authorising the construction of the outfalls some fifteen years ago we made a great mistake. It is not the only mistake which the Board of Works has been allowed to make. But if the error is this time fairly demonstrated, the result may, in one sense at least, be satisfactory—that is to say, as a warning to the rate-payers on future occasions to look a little more closely into the grandiose schemes submitted by the authorities at Spring-gardens for the expenditure of public money.

OWENS COLLEGE, MANCHESTER, AND THE UNIVERSITY QUESTION.

III.

Apart altogether from the material advantages in the increase of students, and in the accession of dignity which Owens College, Manchester, might derive from the possession of a University charter, the representatives of the proposed change put forward weighty reasons in support of it which have a general rather than a local nature. It is affirmed by Professor Ward that an increase in the number of Universities is desirable, because a systematic college training is no longer regarded as an essential condition of obtaining a degree by the University of London, and because Oxford and Cambridge are not capable of satisfying the existing demand for that particular kind of education which can only be obtained at one or other of the ancient seats of learning. On this argument great stress is laid by the Owens College memorialists. One of their objections to the present connection with the London University is based on the fact that the London University "has for some time ceased to restrict admission to its examinations to students who have been resident members of particular or of any collegiate institutions." In order, therefore, not to confuse questions which are distinct, we ought, in the first place, to be satisfied whether any demand really exists for an increase in Universities of the the Oxford and Cambridge type; and, if so, whether the elevation of Owens College to the rank of a University would satisfy that demand. It can hardly be doubted that if a third University already existed in England, endowed with the opulence and the traditions of Oxford and Cambridge, it would attract a large number of students from among those who recognise the peculiar advantages which a University life affords. But, paradoxical as it may seem, we doubt whether such a University can possibly be created. Oxford and Cambridge are institutions which embody the results of the growth of ages, and all the improvements that have been gradually added to them rest on ancient foundations which cannot be reproduced. If increased facilities are required for University education of this particular kind, it would seem best that it should be provided by increasing the present number of colleges in these towns; but we fail to see how this want can be supplied by changing the certificates granted by Owens College into University degrees. Nor can we detect any likeness whatever between the national character of those two Universities and the local character of such an institution as the Manchester college. It may be, as stated by Professor Greenwood and others, that "Oxford and Cambridge themselves draw their students more largely from their own than from any other parts of the country," although we should hardly have thought this to be the case; but to say that "the same would doubtless be the case in this district" (Manchester) is to identify two conditions which are essentially different. There can be little doubt that the students of a Manchester University would be gathered from the same classes and the same districts as the students of a Manchester college; and our objection to the proposed change is partly founded on the necessarily local character of such a University. If we would wish to see a new residential University established, in which the students would participate in the culture and refinement that hang around the older seats of learning, surely a large manufacturing city such as Manchester is one of the last places we

should select for the foundation of such a university. It is not that the highest learning and the most refined cultivation are necessarily absent from the centres of commercial life; but that among the advantages of a University life at Oxford and Cambridge is this, that the students, very few of whom are residents of these towns, come together from all parts of England, and help by their general intercourse to widen one anothers' views, and to remove the prejudices and peculiarities that may be incidental to their homes.

The claim of Owens College to confer its own degrees is founded also on the belief that its degrees would differ from those of London in implying a systematic course of collegiate teaching. Attendance at lectures would be in Manchester, as it was in London, an indispensable condition of a degree. But, passing by the great difference between a university life as generally understood by Englishmen and the mere attendance at a fixed number of college lectures, we doubt very much whether even this condition of graduation could be rigorously maintained. For, already, there exists at Owens College a department of evening classes which provides instruction for large numbers of students; and the new University would hardly be able to resist the demand of these students to be admitted as graduates on passing the necessary examinations. In course of time, too, Owens College will, doubtless, be extending its influence by sending out lecturers to the adjacent towns, and these students would consider themselves very unfairly treated if they were compelled to seek a degree in London, when their whole instruction had been given on the very lines laid down for graduation in Manchester. But the question naturally arises, why should it be necessary to insist on collegiate training as a condition of obtaining a degree? If there existed the true relation between the examination and the preliminary instruction, this condition would be uncalled for, as those seeking to graduate would of their own accord select the Professors' lectures as the best means of training. If this is not found to be the case, the fault must lie in the teaching or in the examination; and the attempt should be made either to improve the examination or to make the teaching better conform to its requirements. Of late years great progress has been made in the art of examining, and there is no reason to doubt that examinations may be so arranged as to make collegiate training, under the direction of competent teachers, the best means of preparing for them. All regulations enforcing attendance at regular courses of lectures imply a degree of weakness in the examination or the teaching. The bugbear "cram" is an evil for the existence of which examiners and professors are mainly responsible.

Another reason urged by Owens College in support of its present claim is that by its present connection with the University of London the course of study for graduation is prescribed by that body, whilst by the constitution of the University there exist "no means of maintaining that *rapport* between teaching and examining which is necessary to a thoroughly efficient system of instruction." This objection shows the necessity of strengthening the very feeble ties which at present connect the University of London with its affiliated colleges. But it is quite clear that, unless every college is to have the power of granting degrees, the course of study must be directed by somebody external to the teaching staff. Owens College itself suggests that other colleges should be gradually incorporated in the new Manchester University; and those colleges might, to a less extent no doubt, have reason to complain that they had but a small voice in the direction of their own studies, and that the central body was unable to "adapt its examinations to the needs and wishes of particular colleges contributing candidates in larger or smaller numbers." It is, however, part of the Owens College scheme that incorporated colleges should be repre-represented on the governing body of the University; and it would seem, therefore, that the objection of Owens College to its present relationship with the University of London might be removed if some scheme could be framed by which important colleges should be adequately represented on the Senate, or have some means of making known to the Senate their particular views. Such a scheme ought not to be too hastily pronounced impracticable; and it would be well if this question could be fairly considered by those interested in the matter before recommending the alternative of a new university, in which the same difficulties with regard to the representation and the independence of the affiliated colleges would, in course of time, undoubtedly arise. The professors of Owens College have again and again, in conjunction with the professors of the University and King's Colleges, acted as examiners in the University of London; and it might have been thought that a mere glance at the list of examiners annually published would have sufficed to take away the whole force of the remark that "examiners of the University of London are not uniformly appointed with reference to their practical experience as teachers, while they must often be without experience in teaching the kind of students they have to examine." In order to meet the varied requirements of different courses of study, the University of London only recently, after consultation with the professors of several colleges, have offered to science graduates a wide choice of subjects; and the same principle of selection from certain groups is likely to be extended to the examinations in arts. At present, a candidate can take his science doctorate in any one of sixteen groups of subjects. These facts go far to remove many of the minor objections brought forward by the Owens College memorialists. In conclusion, we believe that Owens College can continue to flourish, and can adequately discharge all the educational functions of a university with its present charter. If the want of a residential university of the old type in the North of England really exists, we fail to see how the creation of a new university in Manchester would satisfy it; and, if the scheme put forward by those who have memorialised the Privy Council on behalf of Owens College should be adopted, the experience of those connected with the London University would seem to show that before long difficulties must arise between the central body and the affiliated colleges, which would either lead to an indefinite increase in the number of degree-conferring bodies, or would leave the new university to perform the same functions as that of London, differing from it in little else than in age, experience, and geographical position.

THE EXAMINER'S LETTER BOX.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

DEAR MR. EDITOR: Clearly, Siberia is the place we ought all to emigrate to in these dear times. An English resident who has just arrived from the Oorals tells me he can buy in his district beef at a penny a pound, an entire sheep for half a crown, a horse for a sovereign, a goose for sixpence,

and a chicken for twopence. He can get a man to work for him for ninepence a day, and a woman for sixpence. Corn is so plentiful that a pood (36lbs.) can be had for threepence, and vegetables for nothing. I should fail to exhaust all the advantages of Siberian life if I omitted the hunting, which appears very convenient, as, in the winter, my friend informs me, he can stalk the wolves in his garden, and occasionally in the autumn "pot" a bear from his parlour window.

Yours truly, HARD-UP.

TRADE AND FINANCE.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE SCANDAL.

The case which is now being investigated by the *Vehmgericht* of the Stock Exchange, and which during the week has been vaguely alluded to by several of our contemporaries, is an affair of considerable importance. It involves no less than a charge of conspiracy against several brokers and jobbers of long standing. It is alleged that the brokers, instead of allowing the jobbers to "read" their dealings, that is to say, asking them to name both their buying and selling rates before declaring which way their orders are, as is the custom, used to confide in the jobbers who were "in the swim," and collude with them as to the price to be arranged, dividing amongst them the difference between the sham quotations and the actual one at which the businesses were "undone" with a respectable jobber. Another way (as the cookery books say), in dealing with stocks where deceit was more difficult, was to let the "dummy" jobber make what is called the "wide" price (say 92 to 92½), while the transaction was at once closed with a real jobber at the "close" price (say 92 3-16ths to 92 5-16ths), the difference of 3-16ths per cent. being divided between the confederates. A third manner of proceeding is said to have been for the broker to tell his business to jobber number one and to do the bargain with him; jobber number one then repeated it with jobber number two at a quarter per cent. difference; and jobber number two similarly re-transacted it with a third. All three prices were thus "marked;" and the unlucky client received the highest or lowest price, according to whether he bought or sold. The three-quarters per cent. thus earned was the profit of the syndicate. These may be accepted as samples of the swindles, extending over a long series of years, of which the defendants are accused, and of the tricks by which they have contrived to get their transactions "marked" in the official list. The case is still *sub judice*, and all the allegations may be disproved; but, should they be well ascertained, the Committee is said to resolve upon the merciless expulsion of the whole of the offenders.

PERU.—The hopes of the Peruvian bondholders must have been alternately raised and depressed by the correspondence published in the daily newspapers during the week. Those who would thoroughly acquaint themselves with the history of the Peruvian Loans, both before and after their emission, would do well to purchase the voluminous account of the legal proceedings in Paris against Messrs. Dreyfus Frères in Paris, published by the Librairie Chaix. It is to be feared that its perusal will not prove encouraging, but it will at least be instructive.

CANADA.—The new Canadian loan issued to-day appears to be a sound investment. The appearance of the name of Messrs. Baring Brothers and Co. on the prospectus is a guarantee that there has been no preliminary peculation, and that the *raison d'être* of the security has been carefully investigated. But those in search of remunerative and solid employment for their money should be acquainted with the fact that there is a loan of one million sterling for the Cape of Good Hope; one of four millions for Australia, as well as several other colonial loans *in prospectu*, all awaiting a more favourable condition of the money market. If, as we think, the rate for money will rule high for some time, these emissions will have to be made on terms advantageous to the investor.

FRANCE.—The Chamber of Deputies at Versailles, which has been busy during the past week examining the estimates of revenue, has passed a measure on the subject of cheques which is of great interest to British trade and to persons remitting money to France by means of bankers' cheques. Any such document payable in another town than that in which it is drawn will in future be considered a Bill of Exchange, and, instead of the uniform stamp of one penny (10 centimes), will in future be subjected to a tax of 50 centimes per 1,000 francs or fraction of 1,000 francs.

BORDEAUX.—Monsieur Delebegue, the director of the Bordeaux Mint, is in prison awaiting his trial for heavy embezzlements, effected by means of an anti-alchemical substitution of copper bars for the silver ones confided to his care. Many of the French bankers and money dealers are heavy losers; Messrs. Rothschild, it is said, to the extent of 52,000*l.*

EGYPT.—The statement that the interest on the Egyptian debt for the coming year is secured to the bond-holders would appear to require further confirmation than can be obtained from the figures at present before us. The recent loan of 8,500,000*l.* nominal produced in cash 6,000,000*l.* Of this, 1,400,000*l.* had to be repaid to Messrs. Rothschild on account of former dividends advanced by them; 600,000*l.* to the Comptoir d'Escompte, and 500,000*l.* to the Imperial Ottoman Bank, both on account of sums lent. The official report states that the amount required for the service of the dividends and drawings is 4,915,000*l.* Towards this there is only left, after these necessary repayments, a sum of 3,500,000*l.* The official report further estimated the Budget for 1878 at a gross revenue of 8,500,000*l.* The receipts for the first nine months of the year are published, and only reach 5,000,000*l.*; and, if we put down the receipts of the last quarter at the liberal estimate of 2,000,000*l.*, there still remains a further deficit of 1,500,000*l.*, making 2,900,000*l.*, in all, to the bad. The estimate of 9,919,000*l.* for the Budget of 1879 seems too hopeful, if the returns for 1878 are to be taken as a criterion.

We have received an important letter from Egypt, which we are unable to publish from stress of matter. We therefore give the gist of it, which is as follows:—

Mr. Rivers-Wilson and his French colleague are not likely to succeed any better than Mr. Göschen and M. Joubert. It is true that their powers are nominally very extensive; but the *vis inertia* of the Egyptian officials, their inveterate habit of lying, and the system of concealment pursued, must end in tiring them out, and make their efforts fruitless. Notwithstanding Messrs. Göschen and Joubert's vigilance, the floating debt was increased without their knowledge, and responsibilities incurred by the Khedive without their sanction. It is extremely unlikely that even Mr. Rivers-Wilson's abilities and energy will be able to cope with the result of centuries of corruption. We must not, therefore, be too sanguine as to the success of the new financial scheme.

THE EXAMINER OF PLAYS.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

That M. Emile Augier's popular play, "Les Fourchambault" is laid on distinctly national lines, that it contains incidents, and illustrates characteristics essentially Gallic and diametrically opposite to our insular notions and domestic associations, were arguments freely and frequently used by English connoisseurs in support of the theory that the drama would be unpresentable to a British audience. Under judicious allotment of work, "The Crisis" has been produced as an English comedy, whose scene is the metropolis of England, and whose characters are intended to represent the English men and women of to-day. Following Mr. Albery's example, we propose, therefore, to drop "Les Fourchambault" and examine "The Crisis" as a satirical illustration of English manners.

In the first acts we are introduced to two families, the heads of which are merchants carrying on their business in the city of London. Mr. Denham, the elder of the two, is blessed with a selfish, extravagant wife, an insipid daughter, and a son whose tastes are horsey, and whose inclinations are the gratification of idle vanity. Staying with these worthy people is Haidee Burnside, a young American girl who has brought from the other side of the Atlantic some of those ideas on personal freedom in regard to her association with the opposite sex which do not obtain in the polite society of Great Britain. Fawley Denham, the son, amuses himself with Miss Burnside, and she appreciates his attentions at their proper value, whilst Blanche Denham, by the advice of her mother, is the object of the tepid regard of Lord William Whitehead, an impecunious Radical. These facts are disclosed to us in the first act, together with a hint that the commercial position of the house of Denham is far from firm. In the following act we are introduced to the second of the two families, the Gorings. John Goring, a prosperous middle-aged trader, whose name alone is worth 50,000*l.* credit, lives alone with his mother, who has educated him with the loving tenderness of a woman and with the unswerving sense of duty appropriate to a father. Mother and son are devotedly attached, and when the former, hearing of the fall of the Denhams, urges the latter to help them with money, John Goring is astonished but willing. Pressed, however, for an explanation of so sudden an interest in the fortunes of a man she hardly knows, Mrs. Goring admits that Denham is the father of the son to whom she is appealing. The scene in which the confession is made rises, under the superb acting of Mr. Kelly and Miss Moodie, to a triumph of histrionic art. Very rarely is a modern audience exalted to such a pitch of enthusiasm as burst from the usually imperturbable occupants of the stalls at the first representation. The rendering was complete at a crisis in the play where either over-acting or an infirm grasp of the characters and the situation might have risked disaster. All honour, then, to the two admirable artists whose discretion was no less conspicuous than their power. In the third act John Goring visits the Denhams as the *deus ex machina*. He is not only willing to advance a large sum of money, but to become a partner in the tottering firm. The wasteful extravagance of Mrs. Denham, however, must be curbed, the horses must be sold, and the country residences be given up. Haidee Burnside, who has determined to become a governess, is provided with a situation in the family of a noble lady, and Blanche, if willing, shall be married to Lord William. The Radical aristocrat, however, having heard a report of Denham's ruin, is anxious to break off the match with Blanche, and, overhearing by chance a conversation between young Denham and Haidee, assumes that an intimacy not altogether innocent exists between them. A report of this baseless scandal is quickly spread, Haidee's engagement as a governess is broken, and, in answer to her inquiries, the elder Denham discloses to the stricken and innocent girl that scandal accuses her of being his son's mistress. The declaration is made before Blanche and Fawley Denham, and it was at this point of the comedy that the audience expressed a sense of disapproval. The word "mistress," unnecessarily introduced, and inharmonious as it is with the tone and atmosphere of the scene, seemed to act upon the audience as a sudden blast of freezing air. Indeed, had it not been for the genuine indignation expressed by Miss Eastlake as Haidee Burnside, the situation might have been wrecked. As it was, the young actress's spontaneity and passionate fervour carried the day, and the act, though far weaker than its predecessor, finished a qualified success. In the last, we see that Lord William has renounced his engagement with Blanche, his *noblesse* forbidding him to marry one who has been on intimate terms with her brother's paramour; and Fawley Denham visiting John Goring to ask advice as to what he should do with regard to Haidee. "What should a gentleman do?" asks Goring. The boy is sullen. Goring, who himself cherishes a secret love for Haidee, insists that Fawley's only course is to offer marriage to the blighted girl. A quarrel quickly arises. Fawley strikes Goring on the cheek, and the latter, after a furious impulse to crush his adversary, with difficulty restrained, cries, "Thank God, I can remember that you are my brother." A reconciliation follows. Fawley offers his hand to Haidee, and to a spectator unfamiliar with "Les Fourchambault," it would appear that John Goring's sacrifice would be complete. Haidee, however, though grateful for the intention, refuses the man; where she does not love enough to marry, she could not have loved enough to sin. So the curtain falls upon the prospect of a happy life for John Goring, who at the last moment is blessed with the knowledge that Haidee has loved him for years.

It will be seen that, with the exception of the blemish at the end of the third act, the incidents in "The Crisis" are by no means inappropriate to English domestic life. Indeed, Mr. Albery has accomplished a difficult task with singular felicity and vigour. A certain exuberance of expression in the mouth of Mrs. Denham might be judiciously checked, but in every other respect we have nothing but praise for the piece. The modern stage has not given us such literary work since Douglas Jerrold's time. Occasionally, Mr. Albery is philosophically wise, frequently he rises to poetry; he is always bright and epigramatic. The interpretation leaves very little to desire. Mrs. John Wood is fitted with a part in which most of her talents may be demonstrated; and Mr. Howe, as the elder Denham, is painstaking and conscientious. To Mr. Terriss falls the least sympathetic character, Fawley Denham, and it is highly creditable to this young actor that he should share the honours, as he undoubtedly does, with Mr. Kelly in the "uphill" scene in the fourth act. The John Goring of Mr. Charles Kelly could hardly be better. With the recollection of M. Got still fresh we cannot say less; it is a complete and a masterful performance. Miss Eastlake may, perhaps, be pardoned a few slight symptoms of nervousness in the first act; for her rendering of Haidee, in the subsequent scenes, was marked by intelligence, and graced by individual charm of action and expression. Miss Eastlake has raised herself to the first rank

of English comedians, and we may apply the same remark to Miss Louise Moody, who is now seen at her best. The mounting of the play is sumptuous.

MUSIC.

Her Majesty's.—Since her *début* as Violetta in "La Traviata," Mdlle. Ambre has been gaining favour with the patrons of Her Majesty's, but has still not done anything to warrant the high eulogies that preceded her arrival. In her second impersonation (Marguérite, in "Faust") the *prima donna* gained considerably in our estimation by her extremely intelligent and, at times, powerful acting. Her "business" was noticeable for many new points, and one in particular, a simulation of the approach of insanity, instead of fainting at the end of the cathedral scene, was both striking and artistic. As a matter of fact, Mdlle. Ambre will be more admired for her histrionic than her vocal ability, an opinion which is confirmed by her performance on Tuesday as Gilda. Notwithstanding the allowance made for the effects of a recent cold, it was then made evident by the artist's rendering of "Caro nome" that her voice lacks flexibility, that it has a considerable *tremolo*, and that her shake is faulty, inasmuch as it is never made on the correct notes. It is probable that we have not yet heard Mdlle. Ambre's voice at its best; but meanwhile we cannot confess to a liking for her high notes, nor is their power sufficient to constitute her the dramatic soprano for which her abilities as an actress apparently fit her. The best that can be said is that, by her assumption of Marguérite and Gilda, the new *prima donna* has proved a very acceptable artist, and as such we shall always be very glad to listen to her.

Crystal Palace Concerts.—Last Saturday's concert drew a large and critical audience to Sydenham, the attraction being the first performance in London for some years of Hector Berlioz' symphony, "Harold en Italie." It was written some forty years since, and first played here at the time Berlioz was conducting the performances of his own works, given by the New Philharmonic Society in 1855. It is not too much to say that at that time they were understood and appreciated by very few; but such has been the growth of musical cultivation in this country since then, that probably all but a small *minimum* of the audience present on Saturday were able, not only to follow but to grasp the meaning of the great symphonic work to which they were listening. We may characterise it as a composition that displays an astounding mastery of the art of orchestration, and a highly original manner of producing strange effects with familiar materials. As a grand piece of programme-music, it, doubtless, answers its purpose to the full. In the four movements of which it consists, we are able to trace, in some measure, the influence of the cardinal portions of Byron's poem, from which Berlioz has derived, so to speak, the key-notes of his work. An important feature is the viola *obbligato* which pervades each movement, and which, although not originally so intended, personifies the pilgrim of the poem. It demands no little technical execution as well as delicate and artistic interpretation, and in both respects Herr Ludwig Straus proved equal to the task assigned him. The orchestra played splendidly, and Mr. Manns conducted with his characteristic care and energy. The symphony was well received, and on all hands surprise was expressed that a work of such truly noble proportions should have remained so long unheard. Brahms' "Song of Destiny" and Mendelssohn's Forty-second Psalm formed the remaining items of the programme, Mrs. Osgood rendering the soprano solos with grace and refinement.

FINE ART.

The Society of Painters in Water Colours.—Modern practitioners of the art of water colour painting—more particularly those who affect figures and interiors—seem to have lost sight of the ideal drawing produced whenever practicable by means of sweet washes of transparent pigment. It is not our intention to fight over again the battle of the "whites," which raged so fiercely in the columns of the Press last year. The question is not as to the permanency of this or that opaque vehicle, but of the abuse of solid white in too many of the sketches and studies on the walls of this Exhibition. Chinese white, or any of its equivalents, may be as permanent as its transparent rivals; but, when used in excess, it is liable to destruction in several ways, and it encourages the substitution of trickiness for patient labour. Sir John Gilbert's six drawings might be accurately described as paintings in body colour; a similar remark applies to two out of three of those exhibited by Mr. J. D. Watson; Mr. Robert Barnes's study of a child sewing is, in parts, positively loaded with opaque white, and some of the landscapes by Mr. Naftel contain scarcely an important passage rendered in a transparent medium.

On the whole, the Exhibition is one of average merit. Superlative excellence is nowhere distinguishable, but there are several spirited and a large number of respectable drawings. Sir John Gilbert's "Night March," a foray crossing a ford led by a white-bearded, steel-capped old warrior, with horses and men in armour, and pennons flying, is a fine example of his most picturesque manner. Mr. J. D. Watson is well within his old lines, and those curious in such matters may contrast his finished water-colour study of "Content with a Pipe" with the same subject, repeated in oil, in the Dudley Gallery. To mention Mr. Birket Foster is to suggest exquisite manipulation and grace of composition. Mr. H. Stacey Marks sends, among numerous other works, a charming little two-panel picture of "Capital and Labour," distingnished for subtle humour and refinement of drawing. Apart from the crowd of regulation landscapes, all breathing of fields and woods and rivers, and all more or less pagan in their lack of insight, we have a goodly number of specimens of the Dresden china school of rusticity. There are several fashionable young ladies, in surroundings of studio greenery, by Mr. E. K. Johnson, besides a graceful figure of a child, with her arms full of meadow-sweet, by the same artist. Examples abound of the gentlemen who follow, at a respectful distance, in the footsteps of the late Frederick Walker; and many ambitious attempts to rival painting in oils, notably the Mount St. Bernard picture, by Mr. Basil Bradley and Mr. Henry Wallis' "Sextett during the Terror." The gallery contains some fairly well-executed drawings by Frederick Tayler, Walter Duncan, Carl Haag, Charles Davidson, and a host of other well-known men, but not one which for thoughtfulness or brilliancy of treatment calls for special recognition. Miss Clara Montalba has, spotted about the exhibition, thirteen clever little bits, principally of out-door Venice. Mrs. Allingham's labourers' cottages and farmhouses, with the week's washing hanging out to dry, are neither better nor worse than usual. But not even gallantry to the sex can induce us to forbear from calling attention to what is exhibited as a work of art, and called "Children at Play," by Mrs. H. Criddle. It cannot be otherwise than unsatisfactory to such as have a care for the good name of our English school of water-colour painting that, out of four hundred sketches and studies, there are not a dozen which we should desire to submit to the admiration of foreign critics.

THE EXAMINER.

IN MEMORIAM—GEORGE HENRY LEWES.

(Born April, 1817—Died Nov. 30, 1878.)

Up to within a very short time ago, there might have been seen walking, some sunny afternoon, in the broad circular "drive" surrounding Regent's Park, an elderly gentleman and lady, neither of whom would attract vulgar notice, but either of whom, closely scrutinised, revealed a strikingly intellectual countenance. The gentleman, with a certain eccentricity, but without a spice of vanity, wore his hair rather long, and altogether presented the appearance generally described as "literary;" but his eyes were quick and keen, his step active, his whole look alert and characteristic. The lady was less noticeable, yet no one could observe the finely-lined face, with its strong resemblance to that of Father Newman, without seeing that it belonged to no ordinary woman. For many years, these two figures haunted the Park, near which they had a pleasant residence. Latterly, both stooped with years, and with the weight of weary thought. The gentleman was Mr. George Henry Lewes, the biographer of Goethe and eminent philosopher; the lady was his wife and the companion of all his noblest toils, known to all English-speaking readers of fiction as "George Eliot." When, last Sunday morning, there passed from one literary circle to another the whisper that George Lewes was dead, that he had passed away the previous evening, more than one individual thought with tears of the faithful companion, the noble helper and comforter, the great and gentle friend, whom he had left behind, and who must henceforth wander companionless on earth. For these two were as twin lights set side by side to help the world and comfort each other. Only "George Eliot" herself could tell how much she owes to her wise and kindly fellow-worker; only George Lewes, whose voice is sealed for ever, could have expressed the beneficent influence and inspiration derived daily and hourly from an ideal spouse. This is a note too sacred to be sounded overmuch; we merely touch it and pass on. Certainly, no "In Memoriam" notice of Lewes would be complete without some reference to the happiest and most ennobling human influence which beautified his life. And now that all is over, that the busy brain is still and the eager heart is silent in the breast, what final word is to be said of Lewes's life and work? Looking back on the many years of thought and travail, counting step by step the progress from one point of intellectual vantage to another, considering how much was achieved and how little was left undone, we see how noble and how great the life has been. Beginning under conditions of positive hardship, starting in circumstances which, perhaps, ultimately caused his too premature death (for we have often heard him tell how in youth he had had to starve his body to buy mental sustenance in the shape of books), he gradually wrought for himself an exceptional eminence in the world of letters; more than that, he passed boldly from one eminence to another, and, beginning as the successful student of human nature, ended as a recognised master of the problems of human thought. For his work, it may be said to have grown richer and fuller as every year rolled on; and there is no doubt that, had his life been spared, he would have been classed among the leaders of modern philosophy. As it is, he has left behind him a set of books which hold a distinct place in the literature of mind. While his biographies will always be popular with general readers, his studies in philosophy, though they were in reality only tentative experiments in a field where he would have done princely service, will long be regarded as landmarks of speculative inquiry.

But this is neither the time nor the place to analyse his literary remains. All we seek to do here is to pay a brief tribute to the memory of a remarkable man, one who from the beginning to the end of his career preached sincerity in literature and science, and never once condescended to tout for popularity. Much of his best work was done in stealth, and again and again he saw smaller men crowned, while Fame passed him by. No neglect, no misrepresentation, daunted one who sought for his rewards in Truth itself, and who knew how hollow and how fleeting are all the rewards that this world can give. With him to labour was enough; he asked no *bonus*. The discovery of a new truth, the explanation of a new beauty, was sufficient. In this spirit he discarded all personal affectations. He never *posed* as a philosopher. His nature was simple and unpretending as his heart was fresh. One of the most delightful conversationalists in the world, he "wore his wisdom lightly," and it adorned him so much the more. One word further. His attitude in the region of thought was that of one who might be esteemed a scientific materialist, and, doubtless, he will be claimed eagerly by those who count rapturously the names of the unbelieving. But George Lewes was too good and great a man to imagine that modern Science had exhausted the mystery of Nature. On the occasion of almost his last meeting with the present writer, the talk turned on personal Immortality, and he spoke on that theme in the spirit of one whose doubts were great, but whose hopes were stronger than his doubts. And now, recording death, we who survive him feel that such a spirit was indeed too precious to be lost for ever.

"Other heights in other worlds, God willing!"

sung a poet whom he always delighted to praise and honour. To those heights we leave him, certain that among contemporary thinkers and inquirers there is none more worthy of such an apotheosis.

THE LEPROSY OF JOURNALISM.

IV.—Blackguardism in the "World."

We had occasion in some recent numbers to describe and condemn the increasing personality and flippancy of the self-styled society journals. We charged them with encouraging a very low intellectual standard, and debasing public taste by retailing back-stairs slander and wretched family or personal squabbles, many of which were invented and all exaggerated in the telling. In the article referred to all personalities were strictly eschewed, for we dealt with the unpleasant subject on public grounds only, and had no quarrel with any editor, proprietor, or writer connected with any one of these journals. This effort to arouse public attention to a crying and unfortunately growing evil has not been wholly unsuccessful; but it was answered by more than one of the journals in question in a manner which proved how entirely apposite were our criticisms. They did not attempt to rebut the charges brought against them, for, in fact, they were not only perfectly true and just, and couched in moderate

and general terms, but hastened to don the cap which might or might not, have been intended for them, and discovered, to the general amusement of the public, that it fitted exactly. Once covered with this headgear, they proceeded to reply—not by logical reasoning, not by attempts to prove that the accusation published on Nov. 2 in *The Examiner* was unfounded, not even by a *tu quoque*, but by a violent personal attack against an individual whom they supposed to be connected with this paper. However much personalities are to be condemned, the public may sometimes forget the impropriety of the attack by reason of the wit and ability displayed. In a recent case which involved the officers at Scotland Yard, many persons were almost inclined to sympathise with the convict Benson, on account of the extreme cleverness of his fraudulent speculations, and the ingenuity with which he converted those who should have arrested him into his accomplices. So, a very brilliant newspaper article may often earn temporary applause, even though its object be an egregiously impolitic, injudicious, or even immoral one. But the authors of the replies mentioned cannot claim this indulgence; for it would have been difficult to make a more signal display of ignorance and vulgarity than was exhibited on the occasion. The intention was plain enough; the spite was clearly visible between the absurd mis-statements and ridiculous blunders of the writer. Thus, while the articles afforded the most genuine amusement to the persons attacked, they must have made the general public yawn, and those who were better informed conclude that, as the only reply that the combined wit of the society papers could produce was no reply at all, but a shower of nonsensical and totally incorrect personalities which it would be unfair to the fishwives to call Billingsgate, our remarks must have been just and true. We decline to follow these journals into the arena of personalities. The contest would be unworthy of us. Scurrilous slander is a weapon with which we are unaccustomed to fight, while it is familiar to the hands of those who have chosen to consider us their opponents, and to think that our articles were addressed to them. If, however, we were inclined to ask who these men are who appear to hold a great part of the Press and Society terrorised by the fear of their slanderous denunciations, we should certainly be able to produce truer and infinitely more damning facts than the rubbish which has been cast, not at *The Examiner*, but at some semi-fictitious person, ingeniously described with all the blunders which ignorance could suggest.

As if in confirmation of our strictures, "The World" of November 27 publishes an article entitled, "Faustine with the Foxhounds." No viler or more loathsome effusion has probably ever disgraced the pages of an English newspaper. In this article, even the pretence of improving the morals of the public by pointing out the vices of the age is entirely dropped; we suppose, because the proprietor thinks the sale of the paper is likely to be the greater in proportion as the filth it contains is the less concealed. Yet we cannot but wonder that any motive could have induced the publication of this nauseous sketch. Drawn, as it is, with considerable skill and with graphic realism, it cannot but exert a great influence for evil. That those nearest and dearest to him may have seen it must raise a blush of indignation on the cheek of any honest man. With fiendish subtlety the writer has brought out the worst passions of human nature, and, with equal subtlety, wrapped their grossness up in the thinnest of coverings. Is it to be tolerated that thoughts such as those not indistinctly hinted at in this production, should be spread broadcast over the world? Are the minds of our wives, sisters, and daughters to be vitiated by such obscenity? Has the literature of our age so far degenerated, and our taste become so vile, that it is found necessary to resort to such expedients to gratify it? We think not. And when we see newspapers calling themselves journals for men and women adopting such a system, we feel, not that the age is deteriorating, but that there are some in our midst who would fain drag society down to their level by diffusing among it their own filthy ideas. "Faustine with the Foxhounds" belongs to the most despicable class of literature. It is at once a libel and a falsehood—a libel on the fair fame of all our English maidens, and an injustice to our servants and society at large. Grown men cannot read it without shame, and gentlemen must, as they glance over it, feel their palms itching to administer to the author the chastisement he deserves. The cowardly attack cannot be answered, for to do so it would be necessary to take the statements made in the article *seriatim*, and republish what should never have been published at all. It is unfit to be dealt with except by the unanimous condemnation of public opinion. The only person who should and ought to read "Faustine with the Foxhounds" is Mr. Collette, on behalf of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, for it is infinitely more dangerous, since it is immeasurably more clever, than any of the obscene productions which Lord Campbell's Act has been instrumental in destroying.

THE LITERATURE OF SPIRITUALISM.

II.

"Writing Mediumship" and Spirit Pranks.

We left the ghost of Charles Dickens in the act of instructing his "medium," the foreman compositor, how to dispose of the advance sheets of "Edwin Drood" to the best advantage. Whether the arrangement suggested was carried out we cannot tell, nor do we remember whether Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. or other enterprising publishers have issued the "*post-mortem*" work in this country at all. Judging from the specimens given in "*Rifts in the Veil*," we should rather fear that the style of the deceased author had suffered in its transmutation through the person of the medium, but that may only be our unregenerate and unconverted way of looking at the subject. We cannot help recording our opinion, however, that the attempts at humour are corpse-like in their unreality, and that there is about the whole production a general flavour of the literary dissecting room. Our readers will remember that the ghost, when dictating this wonderful fragment, faithfully promised to go on writing. Has he done so, and if not, why not? Did he, as we fear, discover the demand for "advance sheets" unequal to his expectations, or did so electric a stream of direct inspiration disagree with and ultimately destroy the impeccable foreman compositor? We cannot answer these questions, though we fancy that this "*post-mortem*" work has not been succeeded by any other. On the whole, we are relieved to know that such is the case. Contemporary novelists have enough to contend with, without having their laurels snatched away by the mighty Dead, aided and abetted by foremen compositors of a more or less mercenary way of thinking.

It appears that the Spirits have not only a weekly newspaper devoted to the solemn or trivial events that take

place in the spiritualistic world, but that they possess a sort of Club, to which ladies are admitted, and which is roundly entitled "The British National Association of Spiritualists." The club, it appears, was founded "for the purpose of uniting spiritualists of every variety of opinion in an organised body." Attached to it is a library, containing "a large collection of the best works in Spiritualism and occult subjects," and a reading room, where Spiritualist newspapers and periodicals are regularly supplied. As if this were not enough, well-organised *séances*, to which "a limited number of inquirers are admitted free of charge, are held weekly, under strict test conditions." If privacy is desired, suitable rooms for *séances* may be hired "on moderate terms," and these rooms are supplied with "cabinets." Nay, to crown all, "light refreshments"—in the shape of the toothsome macaroon and the stimulating Bath bun?—"are provided at moderate charges." Connected with this festive place of meeting is a suburban branch, called the Dalston Association of Inquirers into Spiritualism, the "weekly experimental *séances*" of which, we understand, "offer favourable opportunities for the observation of some of the elementary phases of phenomena."

Now, the secretary of the British National Association is a Mr. W. H. Harrison, and it fortunately happens that this gentleman, in one of a series of manuals, called "The Spiritualist's Library," has given us what he calls a "scientifically accurate" description of the sort of performances which go on at most *séances*. Seeing that he has been in the habit of attending at least two or three *séances* every week, "for the purpose" (as he says) "of gaining practical knowledge of the phenomena which take place in the presence of most celebrated media," he may be said to speak with a certain authority. His first experience of spiritualism was at a lecture given by Mr. D. D. Home, the effect of which, he naïvely remarks, was simply to "puzzle" the strangers present. Shortly afterwards, he called upon Mr. Cromwell Varley, the secretary, electrician, and engineer, to the North Atlantic Telegraph Company, and the first step to conversion seems to have been taken in his astonishment to find that a "secretary, electrician, and engineer," could be a proclaimed Spiritualist. His first *séance* was at Mr. Varley's house. The Spirits gave raps, spelt out sentences (the first of which was "We are glad you are trying to investigate this power!"), and lifted heavy weights. Several other *séances* followed, and at one Mr. Harrison first saw what he calls "writing mediumship"—in other words, Mrs. Varley's hand scribbling messages "under spirit inspiration," while the lady herself was looking at him and talking. But the crowning experience did not come till his introduction to the medium of mediums, Mrs. Mary Marshall, "the younger," then residing at 13, Bristol-gardens, Maida-vale, Paddington. We will give the beginning of this *séance* in his own words:—

A TABLE FLOATING UNDER TEST CONDITIONS.

We had no sooner taken our seats than the table gave a jump, and sent my note book and pencil flying over my shoulder. The table then lay down on one side, till its edge touched the ground; it jumped up again; then lay down on the other side; after which it began to rotate upon its vertical axis, and to travel about the room, jumping now and then. This was startling; I could not see that our hands were doing it, but I asked Mrs. Marshall whether it was necessary that our hands should touch the table at all. She replied, "Yes, to let the electricity go through, but the slightest touch will do." I did not quarrel with her about the word "electricity," but suggested that we should each of us touch the table with the tip of the middle finger only of each hand, bending up all the other fingers, so that they should be well clear of its surface. We did so. . . . And I again bent down to see if anything was touching the table underneath. Then I remarked, "Now, I am quite satisfied that nothing is touching the table except the tips of our six fingers." Directly I said this, the table rose off the ground slowly to a height of about eighteen inches. Then it fell from our fingers, and was dashed down on to the floor, so that one of its claws was broken off at a place where the solid wood was two or three inches thick; then the table turned itself bottom upwards, and stood rocking upon one of its edges, with its broken foot moving up and down close before my face, as I stood, with my hands on my knees, looking at it. "*There*," said Mrs. Marshall, "*they are showing you the broken leg!*"

A little after, a sheet of paper and pencil was put under the table, for the purpose of producing some spirit-writing. "All our hands were on the top of the table. I heard a scratch on the paper near my feet, then the table, by tilts, signalled out, 'Mend the pencil!'" This being done, the scratching was renewed, lasting about a minute—"when the table began to jump about," which Mrs. Marshall said was a signal the spirits had finished writing. Mr. Harrison picked up the paper, and found written upon it, "God bless you!" The table next told him that he was a medium, a statement he himself believes to be untrue. Whether or not he expressed his unbelief on that occasion we do not know, but, at all events, the table lost its temper! "I heard a lumbering noise behind me, and on looking round saw the great, six-foot table running up to us all by itself; after taking a run of about four feet, it rested with its edge against the edge of the little table round which we were sitting!"

At this memorable *séance*, Mr. Harrison made the acquaintance of the most refractory Spirit that ever made darkness hideous; a truculent, noisy, hectoring, bullying Ghost of the name of "John King," who anounced himself "with a great bang which might have been heard in the street. This is how the ruffian of a Ghost conducted himself:—

The first remark I ever heard in the direct voice from the spirits of the departed, from the loved ones gone before, was a bad pun. John King exclaimed—"*Harrison, don't be harassed.*" This remark was rather disappointing to one who supposed that spirits were a kind of archangels, and I suppose my feelings exhibited themselves in my face, for John King next remarked, "You ought to look upon Spiritualism as a jolly thing. I'm jolly enough! Look here, now! I'll sing you a song of my own composition:

"I wish I had a bird,
I would stick it on a spit—"

and so on; I cannot remember the rest of the doggerel. I asked John King, "who he was," as I did not remember the name to be that of any departed relative of mine. He replied that he was a Welshman, a native of Carmarthen. I tried to get evidence that he had some local knowledge of Carmarthen, as I knew a little about that town, but *could draw nothing further out of him.*

On another occasion John King recommended Mr. Varley's nephew, who was in bad health, to drink bottled stout, and being asked, "What stout?" he answered promptly, "Guinness's." Then, horrible to relate, the patient took hold of a tube of paper which John King was "using as a speaking tube." "John King seized another, and began to fence with it; I could hear the noise of the two tubes striking against each other." Then, most amazing of all, John King wrested the tube from his adversary; and then, proceeding "to rumple his hair by rubbing the tubes over his head," remarked, "*This is hair-brushing by machinery.*" The imagination which could invent and the impudence which could perpetuate such a ghost as

"John King" must possess a strange and not altogether sane physiological basis. Dare we hint at dipsomania as a factor in John King's manufacture? Dare we suggest that John is a distant relation of another touching spirit, "Old Tom?"

There is a sad side to all this folly, to all this pitiful ignorance and moral degradation. A number of poor human creatures, craving for light of some sort in the solemn issues which lie before them, weakened by illness and mental trouble, devour the silly and saponaceous literature of Spiritualism, and are ready to believe, at a moment's notice, in any message from another world. The wish is father to the thought, and your Ghost is already half manufactured when the eye is determined to behold him. If it were otherwise, the existence of so much Spiritualistic trash would be inconceivable. As matters stand, it is the old story of the assumedly blind leading the actually blind. In the words of Mohammed, often quoted by Spiritualists, "One darkness on another darkness; when a man stretcheth forth his hand he is far from seeing it;" and, finally, "he to whom God doth not give light, no light at all hath he!"

DIPHTHERIA.

Twice during the present year has public attention been drawn to diphtheria, first by its prevalence in north-west London, and more recently by the sad affliction of the Court of Hesse. The invasion of the household of the Princess Alice was, perhaps, more calculated to attract notice than the outbreak in the London suburb, about which, indeed, there was nothing very exceptional; and, as a matter of fact, epidemics of this disease are continually under the observation of health officers in various parts of the country which, if they displayed the same malignancy in the metropolis, would rival the worst years of small-pox in their fatality.

Nearly every writer who indites a "leader" on diphtheria—and we have had a good many of late—begins with the statement that the disease was described by Aretœus in the second century, and ends with the conclusion that it is a very mysterious malady. Without being prepared to gainsay either of these incontrovertible truths, it appears to us that the main question as regards diphtheria is not whether we can trace it back to our primitive ancestors, but whether, after all this time, we are any nearer to such knowledge as may enable us to clear off some of its "mystery" and to check its progress. There are, indeed, several facts standing out in the natural history of this disease which, if duly considered and investigated, might afford some clue as to its habitat and mode of propagation. In the first place, diphtheria is a disease of rural districts, as opposed to urban, a malady, not of towns, but of scattered country hamlets and isolated cottages. As an example, the proportionate death-rate from this cause is nearly two-and-a-half times greater in the purely rural and comparatively healthy districts of England and Wales than in the unwholesome slums of Liverpool. Of course, it would be absurd to say that diphtheria is unknown to cities, but it is a fact that, while in some parts of this country—for the disease is not equally prevalent, even in all rural districts—it constantly hovers about the villages and cottages, the neighbouring towns are rarely visited. The secret of this has yet to be discovered; but, if the contagion of diphtheria be, as many think, a low form of organism, the fact is no more strange than the undoubted preference for the open country of many low types of life. For instance, just as the town is known to be unsuitable for lichens generally, so some constituent of an urban atmosphere may be prejudicial to the existence of diphtheritic germs. There is another feature of diphtheria not, as a rule, sufficiently taken into account, even by professional authors. We refer to the extraordinary tenacity with which the contagion "sticks" to a locality, or even to a particular house. The present writer had occasion, some little time ago, to examine a series of death-returns relating to a district which chances to be a favourite domicile of diphtheria. The returns extended over a period of nearly forty years, and it was most striking to observe the frequency with which deaths from this disease—registered under its old names of "malignant angina," &c., and latterly under its more recent designation—recurred at long intervals, not only in the same localities, but even in the self-same houses, a fact confirmed by the experience of old country practitioners. This, again, is "mysterious," but not more so, perhaps, than the tenacity with which a particular fungus will cling to a specific haunt; and the possibility is suggested that the diphtheria germ is able to flourish, like the fungus, as a minute growth in congenial spots, from which, at times, according as it finds suitable soil, or is rendered epidemic by some seasonal or other unknown influence, it attacks such as are susceptible of its contagion. Be the explanation, however, what it may, the fact cannot be questioned.

The popular notion of diphtheria, as of every other zymotic disease nowadays, may be summed up in the word "drains." There are certainly cases which look as if the contagion were occasionally carried by the sewers, but they are exceptional, and, unfortunately for this rough and ready theory, diphtheria prevails most where drains neither exist nor are required. Nor has it hitherto been proved to be capable of diffusion by water, like typhoid fever, for example. Lately, it has been thought that the source of an epidemic had been traced to the milk supply; but since, on inquiry into the history of the milk, no possible source of contamination could be discovered, some have been constrained to suggest that "it must be the cows." They might indeed extend their theory, and attribute the predominance of the disease in country districts to the corresponding prevalence of these useful animals. For the present, however, those who see most of diphtheria in its native home are agreed that its common mode of spreading is by ordinary personal infection, and the usual medium of diffusion is the village school. When diphtheria occurs as an epidemic, there are two classes of cases. Some are severe and unmistakeable; but, scattered about, a skilled inquirer will find others which, although apparently nothing more than very slight sore throat, are really extremely mild forms of the true disease, and the active, but unrecognised agents in the spread of its infection.

The history of diphtheria contains much of interest. We have not space, however, here to tell of the terrible plagues which have ravaged Europe with a fatality intelligible only to those who have seen the disease in its malignant type, nor, though it is no new visitor to the palaces of the great, can we say more than that among its victims it numbers George Washington. Our effort has been rather to glance at such facts as may help to dispel some of the mystery with which this sad malady has been invested; and, in conclusion, we would point out that he will be well advised who avoids taking a house where the disease has ever made its appearance, especially if either structure or surroundings favour *damp*.

THE LITERARY EXAMINER.

[*In future a certain space will be reserved weekly for articles on the Universities, Colleges, and Educational Subjects generally. Several columns of "The Literary Examiner" will also be devoted to reviews of Educational and Children's Books, of which a careful selection will be made, since the number published makes it impossible to notice all.*]

MR. ORBY SHIPLEY, AND HIS SECESSION.

Principles of the Faith in Relation to him, with an Introduction on the Neglect of Dogmatic Theology in the Church of England. By Orby Shipley, M.A. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

To most readers, probably, the chief interest of this work will centre in the four pages which, as a Postscript, follow the Introduction, for they reveal the fact that between the close of the one and the beginning of the other the writer's position, we will not say mind, has undergone a great change—of which a fuller explanation is promised in due time. Now, the date of the Introduction is the "Eve of St. Luke" (17th October), that of the Postcript "All Souls' Day" (November 2nd). During the intervening sixteen days Mr. Shipley wishes the world to believe that he made a great discovery. In the Introduction, even to the latest paragraphs, he identified himself with what he calls "the Catholic party" in the English Church; while the Postscript announces that the book was written by him "as a loyal clergyman of the Church of England," and that since the above Introduction was completed he had "felt it his duty to submit to the Catholic Church." "The whole of the present work (he says) had passed out of my hands before I became a Catholic" (p. lxxiii.). In other words, Mr. Orby Shipley has joined the Romish Communion. Either, then, it must have been a very hasty, spasmodic effort, by which his mind in that short interval sprang across the intervening gulf, or else all the time he was writing this book he was consciously and designedly reducing to the very narrowest line of demarcation the difference between an Anglican Catholic and a Roman Catholic, a process he euphuistically describes (p. lxxiv.) as a gradual upward growth towards "light and truth." Any one would have thought that the Postscript should, under the change of his own position, be a cancelling rather than an endorsing the views promulgated in the book itself. He clearly does not think so, as he gives his volume to the world without any admission that his views on the subjects it treats of have undergone any change; they remain still the same, only he holds them now in the Romish, not the English Communion—he holds them now "under authority," not of "his own private judgment." What those views are we shall endeavour to discover presently. What his position in the English Church was, or in that small extreme section of it to which he exults in belonging, is not so clear: evidently he must not be looked upon as a representative man, for he is repudiated by even members of his own party. A correspondent in *The Times* declares his position to be "unique." Yet his book, whatever its value, is not without its use—it tells a tale which many may do well to heed; it is, if he will forgive the lightness of the metaphor, one more straw showing which way a certain current of thought runs, one more feather showing which way the wind of a certain class of opinions blows. The introduction is a prolonged lament over the Church of England of to-day because "dogmatic theology languishes." To this he traces its woful decline, and accounts for it on the ground of the difficulties which surround it, tracing out, in dirge-like strains, the causes and the results of this decay. He says, not without truth, that "neither to the Liberal clergy nor to Evangelical ministers must we look for works of dogmatic theology," the broad Churchman does not believe in it at all; the Low Churchman only so far as it accords with his own private judgment. It remains, therefore, for the "Catholic party" to supply the lamented want, and yet he admits they fail to do so.

One reason is that the present generation of this school (he himself, one of their number, being judge) are "incomparably inferior to the more cultured theological minds, the greater intellects, of the old Tractarian Party" (p. viii.-ix.); though he qualifies the humiliation involved in this confession by saying that the one was "emphatically a school of thought," the other "no less decidedly a party of action" (p. xi.). "How can it be expected," he asks "of the Head of an ecclesiastical organisation, or the Founder of a London Mission, or an overtaxed Confessor, or the ceaseless Preacher, or conductor of Retreats, etc., etc. . . . that he should be willing and able to devote time and thought, study, prayer, and meditation, in the interests of pure theology, and in a form which may instruct or edify others? It would be too much to expect this of any, save in the exceptional case of a great mind, that seldom is created. Meanwhile"—and again we have the refrain, the burden of his lament—"dogmatic theology languishes in the Church of England of to-day" (p. xvi.). And yet that school has not been idle; on the contrary, "they have (on Mr. Shipley's own showing) overstocked the literary market with certain kinds of products which form the luxuries of religion;" though he admits they have failed to supply souls hungering and thirsting after its essentials with "the necessities of the supernatural life," and he himself is entitled to scarcely a second place in the array of its ready penmen. But we quite admit with him that dogmatic theology has not been their strong point; nor has it been his, if the present volume may be accepted as a test. Without attempting to follow him through the many charges which he brings against the Episcopate, that they are "committed to distinct heresy," "to a denial of regeneration in Holy Baptism," "to a denial of Holy Scripture," "to a denial of the doctrine of future punishment" (lxxxv.), let us consider how far he has shown himself qualified to enunciate or expound the "dogmatic theology" of the English Church. He tells us he has written this book as "a loyal clergyman of the Church of England." This loyalty he thus defines: "For many years I have held all Catholic doctrine not distinctly denied by the English Church." His was, on his own admission, then, a wondrously lax and a negative loyalty. Might we not more truly define it as a rampant disloyalty? For instance, let us hear what he has to say in one of his addresses on the subject of the Sacraments. The English Church has in her Catechism (and no less explicity in her Articles) declared that there are "two only" Sacraments "necessary to salvation," therein echoing the voice of Scripture, primitive and patristic authority, Latin and Greek alike, for more than a thousand years. Even in her Homilies—so often appealed to for the laxness of the use of the word *Sacrament*—she says, "according to the exact signification of a *Sacrament*, there be but two." But what says this loyal clergyman, this sorrowing champion of "dogmatic theology?" "The Sacraments of the Church in relation to the sin of man, both in the course of nature, and in the order of grace, take a sevenfold form. Does this statement (he asks) strike any of us as being doubtful?" (p. 271). Not only doubtful, we answer, but utterly untenable, not to say *false*, although he does not scruple to say to those he is addressing, "To most of us, the

sevenfold division of the Sacramental system will only appear a common-place in the faith;" and he describes it as "a marvel of ingenuity, method, and arrangement." Yet, in speaking of them in detail, when he comes to the fifth and sixth Sacraments, according to his numbering, that is, "Holy Matrimony and Holy Orders," he admits that they "are not generally necessary to salvation." Where his loyalty? and where his consistency? Time and space would fail us to point out the systematic disloyalty and disingenuousness, not to use a stronger term, of his own "dogmatic theology" as exhibited throughout these pages.

We have written in no spirit of scorn, but rather in sorrow; not, perhaps, without some little indignation at being told that "the Church Building and Restoration, the extension of the Episcopate, the development of Foreign Missions, the revival of Convocation, and the enormous amount of Middle Class and Lower Class Education that has been originated and completed by Churchmen in the last five-and-forty years," is the result of the zeal and the efforts of this self-constituted "Catholic party" in the Church; whereas these grand and glorious signs of a renewed Church-life may be traced back to a period long before *it* appeared on the scene. The Anglo-Catholic party in our Church had early to deplore the excesses in which some of its younger members indulged even then; how much more has it cause to deplore the extravagances into which that section known as Ritualists or Ultra-Ritualists have of late years run. How truly has one of the great founders of the Oxford movement described what was occurring even before he was lost to our Church, and would occur as a fungoid outgrowth from the principles he and his friends laid down. "These men," says John Henry Newman (still *venerabile nomen*) "cut into the original movement at an angle, fall across its line of thought, and then set about turning that line in its own direction" (Hist. of my Religious Opinions, p. 164). "Some in the event" (he goes on to say) "have remained firm to Anglicanism, some have become Catholics (Roman), and some have found a refuge in Liberalism."

We have within the last few years seen a repetition of the same events, and are witnessing it every day; Mr. Orby Shipley only presents one illustration more. Is it irreverent or unchristian to say, "they went out from us, but they were not of us?"

ROYAL WINDSOR.

Royal Windsor. By William Hepworth Dixon. Hurst and Blackett.

From an historical point of view Windsor is, next to London, the most important town in the country. To record faithfully all the incidents which have occurred within the walls of its castle—ever since Henry the First's time a dwelling-place of the sovereigns of England—and to relate the lives of all the illustrious people who have resided, visited, or died there, would practically be to write the history of England. And yet we possess few books which afford trustworthy information upon so attractive a subject. Joseph Pote, a bookseller of Eton in the middle of the last century, compiled one of those tremendous works which are the delight of antiquarians and the terror of ordinary readers, in which will be found much relating to Windsor. James Hakewill, an architect, subsequently took the matter up, and added to a picture-book some pleasing gossip of the guide-book style. The first really exhaustive work upon Windsor was written in 1853 by Messrs. Tighe and Davis under the title of "Annals of Windsor;" and it is upon this that Mr. Hepworth Dixon has founded his "Royal Windsor." The "Annals of Windsor" decribe the history of Windsor Castle during the reign of every one of our monarchs from William the Conqueror downwards; but no attempt is made to sketch the characters of the leading figures, or to give dramatic point to the events. The account is certainly learned, but it is dull to a degree. Mr. Dixon cannot be accused of this fault; on the contrary, "Royal Windsor" is eminently a popular work, bristling with anecdotes and amusing sketches of historical characters, and charmingly devoid of any dry details which might interfere with the full development of the author's fancy. His style is a most remarkable one. It is a kind of burlesque upon the peculiar mannerisms and affectations of all the great historians of the day. Sometimes the story is told in the strange semi-comic manner of Carlyle, occasionally the author breaks off into a grandiloquent passage which reminds us of the stately periods of Mr. Freeman, and the work as a whole is framed after the school of Mr. Green, whose aim is to convey to readers by the aid of high colouring and imaginary conversations the soul rather than the superficial part of history. Thus Mr. Dixon wishes to pourtray the inner life of Windsor Castle, and he certainly has succeeded in awakening our interests by putting new life into a long neglected subject.

Windsor has indeed undergone strange vicissitudes. Remains and relics have been discovered by archæologists indicating that the place was of some importance in the days of the Romans. Froissart informs us that King Arthur instituted the order of the Knights of the Round Table there—probably to please King Edward III.—but, however that may be, more than one Saxon king has resided at Windsor. The Conqueror found the spot convenient for the erection of one of those terrible fortresses which it was part of his policy to build in various parts of the country for the purpose of keeping the people in thorough subjection. William Rufus used the Norman keep as a prison during his frequent wars with rebellious barons, and Mowbray, Earl of Northumbria, was starved to death under his orders in that dismal place. Henry the First, more confident in the goodwill of his subjects, determined to build a palace outside the keep. Mr. Dixon says, "He was the first to step outside his castle gate, and, like the English people, pitch his homestead in the open air." The site was more suitable than either Winchester, a royal residence on the route to Rouen, or Gloucester, on the Chepstow-road, Normandy being now separated from the kingdom, and England and Wales being at peace. Here Henry lived with his wife, the "good Queen Maude," until, as Mr. Dixon says, he was forced to plunge into war to escape the derision of the Court who laughed at his excessive uxoriousness. The real fact is, that as he was, according to our ideas, a usurper, and claimed the crown solely by right of election, he had to defend his kingdom against the incessant attacks of his brother Duke Robert of Normandy. He was successful, and at Tenchebray "the English power had beaten down the Norman force, and seized that country." Thus was Hastings avenged. Mr. Dixon skips the reigns of Stephen and Henry II. for little is known of what took place at Windsor during that time. It is recorded, however, in the charter of Stephen, that the Tower of London and the Fortress of Windsor should be assigned to the care of Richard de Lucy, and it is curious that Windsor must have been one of the few places unaffected by the wars between Stephen and the Empress Maude, or by the wholesale pillage and plunder of that terrible time. Henry II. does not seem to have passed many of his days at Windsor, though a window was erected there by him on which was depicted

an old eagle being devoured by younger ones. The eagle was himself, and the young ones his ungrateful sons. During his absence in the Crusades Richard I. left Windsor in the hands of Pudsey, Bishop of Durham, but that prelate was quickly ousted by the stratagems of Longchamp, a far more useful servant to the King, who immediately turned the Royal building into an auction mart for the sale of everything that could be converted into ready money. The tale of the rivalry of the two justiciaries, and the romantic career of Longchamp, is told exceedingly well by Mr. Dixon. The follwing description of the personal appearance of that remarkable man is a good specimen of the author's manner:—

"William de Longchamp, on the other part, was one of those freaks of nature which, by oddity of shape, so often attract the favour of kings. He was a dwarf. His head and feet were out of all proportion to his size. He limped. His body had the twitch of a monkey. Shrivelled in his loins, he had a gibbous chest, a short neck, a receding chin, and a dog's upper lip and chaps. A meaner, a more odious face was never seen."

John was very fond of Windsor and spent much of his time there. In fact, Windsor was alike the scene of his tyranny and of his abasement. Maude de Braose and her son were cast by him into a dungeon of the castle, and according to the chronicle of Holingshed, died there of starvation. The son was the first to perish. Mr. Dixon says, "In that last sigh the savagery of hunger had broken on her love. His cheek was gnawed. The mother's farewell kiss had turned into a ravenous bite." From Windsor King John went forth to sign the Great Charter of our liberties at Runnymede, and to Windsor he returned to ruminate over his defeat. In the reign of Henry III. who was a great builder, Windsor assumed its final shape with the three great bailies, an upper, middle, and lower ward, though Matthew Paris tells us that the new edifice suffered much in the barons' war, and was greatly damaged by the foreign troops which Prince Edward employed to garrison it. Henry III., however, persevered, though he was much embarrassed for want of money, and on one occasion was reduced to pawning the "Virgin of Windsor," but "he prayed that the idol might be preserved in a decent place by the money-lenders." Mr. Dixon does not give us an account of Windsor in the time of Edward I., but that monarch was frequently there, and in his reign the town of Windsor received its first charter, and was declared a free borough. But the most eventful time for the Royal city was during the reign of Edward III., who was born at Windsor, and passed the best part of his life there. In the early part of his reign William of Wickham was clerk of the works, and subsequently his post was assigned to Geoffrey Chaucer, the poet. During this reign the Order of the Garter was founded, and the Church of St. George begun in consequence of the king's wish to form a society for the promotion of chivalry and the encouragement of deeds of heroism, after the model of the Round Table of King Arthur. The bravest of the brave, and the fairest of the fair were alone to be admitted. For reasons unknown, the Garter was chosen as the badge of this society, and St. George of Cappadocia, with whom our soldiers had become acquainted in the Crusades, was selected as the patron saint. Mr. Dixon is extremely happy in these brilliant times, and relates the various legends and anecdotes concerning the origin of the Garter with much humour and descriptive power. Later on he enters fully into the Black Prince's romantic and steadfast passion for Joan, "the fair maid of Kent. "No woman drew his eyes away from Joan. No passion tempted him to cross his father's will. Though he would wed no woman but his cousin Joan, he would only wed his cousin when the king consented to his choice." On the death of the king, Windsor relapsed into sadness. The Castle was filled with the disgraceful favourites of Richard II., and became the scene of plots and villany. The "good Queen Anne" lived here until her death, when her place was taken by the "little Queen," Isabella of Valois, whom Richard married when she was but eight years old. At the death of the king, Henry IV. wished her to become the wife of his son, a match which would have prevented Agincourt and the siege of Rouen. But she adored her former husband and would not consent. "Sweet mystery of the female heart, baffling all science, bearing down all logic, for the sake of love! A broken man—discrowned, impoverished, and imprisoned—a man not only cruel, weak, and false, but older than her own father—held her childish heart against a prince of her own age, the handsomest stripling and the greatest hero of his time!" Windsor in the reigns of Henry IV. and his famous son offers Mr. Dixon a capital opportunity for the display of his dramatic gifts and powers of rapid portait painting. Dona Juana of Navarre, the witch Queen who married Henry IV. to the disgust of his son, is well sketched; and the story of how she deprived Prince Hal of his two sweethearts is one of the best told passages of the book. The reign of Henry V. is rich in amusing incidents. We have the love and intrigues of the Duke of Gloucester with Jake the masculine Countess of Holland; the sad career of Lady Elinor and her magical propensities; the pathetic love story of the captive James of Scotland and the gentle Lady Jane; and the remarkable visit of the Emperor Sigismund, the monarch "above grammar." All these events have ample justice done them by Mr. Dixon, who breaks off his work with the union of the roses by the marriage of the Earl of Richmond with Elizabeth of York.

"Royal Windsor" cannot be considered as an exhaustive history of the Castle, but it is carefully written and is exceedingly pleasant reading. Some pictures would add a further charm to the work in the eyes of ordinary readers, while a slight allusion to authorities and sources of information would render it more serviceable to students and scholars. As it is, however, Mr. Dixon has supplied us with a highly entertaining book which we strongly recommend to anyone in doubt as how best to spend a few leisure hours. The story is brightly told, not a dull page can be found, the sketches of character, if rough and inexact, are vigorous and suggestive, and the anecdotes if in some cases of doubtful genuineness are invariably sparkling and amusing. Altogether, Mr. Dixon is to be congratulated upon having put so much information into so agreeable a shape.

KELVERDALE.

By the Earl of Desart. Hurst and Blackett.

Sir Edward Hillingstone, the bachelor owner of the Kelverdale estates, dies suddenly, leaving the whole property to his nephew, Lionel Hillingstone, son of a younger brother who had married beneath him. Lionel arrives at Kelverdale to take possession; he is an impetuous, sanguine, and radical young man, whose enthusiasm is hardly calmed by the presence of his equally radical but more reticent tutor, Arthur Elton. Both call on Lord Delafield, Lionel's uncle by marriage, and both fall in love with his daughter, Lady May Derrick. Mr. Ballock, the trusted agent, hands Lionel two mysterious letters, left for him by Sir Edward. One is to be opened on his twenty-third birthday, three years later; the other begs

him not to marry until he is acquainted with the contents of the first. Elton conceals the impression which Lady May has made on him, and after a time Lionel becomes engaged to her, but, before the three years are over, discovers that she loves Elton, and that this affection is returned. He voluntarily resigns his claim, and the poor tutor overcomes his pride, and marries the heiress. Meanwhile, Lionel is being consoled *en tout bien tout honneur* by Mrs. Dormerby, a lovely woman, supposed to be a widow, whose outgoings and incomings are disturbed by an extremely shabby-looking individual. The experienced reader will not be surprised to discover that this man is her villanous husband, who has been convicted of all sorts of crimes, and now preys on his unfortunate wife. When the three years expire, Lionel opens the second letter, and discovers that he is not Colonel Hillingstone's legitimate son, and has no right to the name nor to the estates. But his dead uncle leaves it to him to keep them if he thinks proper. Just as he has made up his mind to restore them at once to Lady May, the rightful heir, Mrs. Dormerby's husband appears. This man has also discovered somehow that Lionel's parents were never married, and wishes to trade on his secret—an attempt which, of course, ends in failure, since Lionel knows it already. The hero disappears after refusing to accept anything except the value of his horses from Lady May, and lives on a few shillings a week, until one of the plays which he writes in his London garret is at last accepted. During the rehearsals he makes the acquaintance of Ethel Bede, an innocent and lovely young actress, who is to take the principal part in his piece. Although his heart is still full of devotion to May, he gradually drifts into love of Ethel, and is only waiting to marry her until he will have earned a competence. One night he just interferes in time to save Mrs. Dormerby from being killed by her brutal husband, who dies of drink himself, telling her to try and find a long-lost daughter, whom he has called Ethel Bede. Mrs. Dormerby swears to search for and take care of her, but, being madly in love with Lionel herself, she employs her great powers of intrigue in separating the lovers, in which she at last succeeds, though only at the cost of poor fragile Ethel's life. Meanwhile, Elton has overworked himself in the House of Commons; he goes mad, and dies also; and Lionel, being now a celebrated author, consoles himself for the loss of his second love by swallowing his pride and marrying his first, and thus returning in triumph to Kelverdale.

This short narrative, of course, only gives a very slight idea of Lord Desart's elaborate plot; for a number of subsidiary characters appear and disappear aimlessly throughout the book, after our curiosity has been aroused about them and when we expect that they will have something to do with the *dénoûment*. Our author is constantly carried away by his characters. He gets hold, for instance, of a man like the great Mr. Thomson-Porter, of the Firs. There has seldom been a more amusing sketch of the pompous, solemn country fool, but he has nothing whatever to do with the story, and the many pages which are devoted to telling us what he said and how he said it would, we think, have been better filled by a clearer development of the end of the novel. Mr. Elton the elder, too, a clergyman whose intense selfishness is clothed in the garb of a mock generosity, although reminding us of Mr. Pecksniff, is in many respects a wonderful creation. Nothing could be more perfect than Lord Desart's description of Mr. Ballock's dinner party. He has observed men and manners with a keenness which appears almost marvellous, and, having photographed his observations, he has touched them up with a quiet satire of his own which takes away the dulness of the picture. We cannot resist quoting the following, which describes the attempt made by Miss Ballock to conduct the conversation into fashionable channels:—

"Do you know where the Queen is now, Mr. Hillingstone?"

"The Queen? No!—Yes! I fancy she is at Balmoral," answered Lionel, surprised.

"Oh! and the Prince and the dear Princess are in London. I wonder they go to London just now, when the country is so nice, but I dare say they are only on their way there. I see by the papers that they went to the play on Saturday. I hope they enjoyed themselves."

"I hope they did," answered Lionel, gravely.

And so on. But books which are devoted to delightful sketches of society in town, and what pretends to be society in the country, should not have so elaborate a plot, or, if they have, it should be more carefully worked out. We are taken by surprise by the unforeseen and therefore unnatural deterioration of Elton's fine character which takes place after his marriage; we feel that a man who acted as he did in the first volume could not possibly become so unmitigated a brute in the third. After having been worked up to feelings of the deepest sympathy with Lionel's unrequited love for Lady May, we are not equal to appreciating his rapid and violent passion for Ethel, and, when we are dragged out of decent society to witness a melodramatic attempt at murder and an heroic rescue, we expect that this startling incident will have something to do with the plot, while, as far as any result goes, we find it might almost as well have been omitted altogether. Worst of all, the author encourages us to suppose that the mystery surrounding Lionel's birth will eventually be cleared up in a manner satisfactory to every one, instead of which he marries May at last without even a name to give her. So that, much as we may delight in the life-like scenes and clever sketches of character, much as we may be interested in the story, we cannot help being almost angry with the author, who seems to take a pleasure in destroying the mental portraits he has himself drawn, and of heaping up improbabilities when a simple solution would have sufficed. Although this book is in many respects—particularly in delineation of character—superior to "Children of Nature," the evolution of incidents in the author's former work appears to us infinitely more natural and satisfactory, notwithstanding its tragic conclusion.

We believe that, if Lord Desart would, before beginning his next book, draw up his plan clearly and stick to it throughout, resolutely shutting his eyes to the temptations which his facile pen and fertile imagination hold out, he would take the very highest rank among the novelists of the day. But, until he can keep within bounds, his books will not gain the admiration his talents deserve, for they are composed of irregular miscellaneous sketches, instead of being complete works of art.

BRITISH BURMA.

British Burma and its People. By Captain C. J. F. S. Forbes, F.R.G.S. John Murray.

This is the second work which has appeared this year on the subject of British Burma, General Fytche, formerly Chief Commissioner of that province, having in the spring provided us with two portly and pretentious volumes, purporting to give an accurate history of Burma, past and present. But while the conscientious reader, whose anxiety for instruction would not permit him to lay down General Fytche's work before he had read it through, would have obtained therefrom a very exalted idea of the whilom Chief Commissioner's ancient lineage, of the daring deeds of his

headstrong youth, of his lofty administrative capabilities in mature age, and of the awe-inspiring beauty of his presence, he would hardly have succeeded in gaining any distinct information on this the most thriving, as it is one of the most interesting portions of our Indian Empire. Captain Forbes's little volume, on the contrary, tells us all we want to know in the pleasantest and most unassuming manner. The author's individuality and personal adventures are so little spoken of that we are anxious to hear more about them. While the former work was nine-tenths Fytche and only one weak tenth Burma, this is all Burma with no Forbes at all.

The intimate and thorough knowledge of the country and people displayed in every page proves that our author combines two rare qualities, an intelligent power of observation and great industry. These qualities are indispensable to form officials fit to govern our great Eastern empire; that they are not wanting among the junior officers has often been shown, and this book adds another morsel of evidence to prove the fact. Captain Forbes begins with a brief but clear sketch of the physical geography of the country, he then describes the races which inhabit it, their social customs, their amusements, their agriculture, festivals, and religion, winding up with two interesting chapters on Buddhism and the language and literature of Burma. It is necessary to remind readers who have only a general idea of India as a great hot plain with mountains in the north, that British Burma is practically entirely separated from Hindostan by high ranges of mountains, and that it is, at present, only accessible by sea from India and China. Many expeditions to establish an overland commercial route to the latter country have been attempted, but all have resulted in comparative failure, and the last ended in the murder of one of the most valued members of the exploring party. Although Burma is politically annexed to Bengal, it is an entirely separate country, and the races which inhabit it are as different from the Bengali, the Madrassi, or the Hillman as an Englishman is from a Spaniard. Captain Forbes points out one very remarkable dissimilarity between the Turanian Burmans and the Aryan natives of India, which, having once been mentioned, cannot fail to strike even the most casual observer. The natives of India are, speaking generally, a melancholy lot of men, the sadness of the lower classes becoming solemnity among the upper; they are reticent and singularly impassive, whatever violent feelings may agitate their breasts. Even if they complain loudly, which they so often do, their grief is generally an artificial one, assumed in order to work on the feelings of the Englishman, and gain their cause or an extra backsheesh. Their strict rules of caste prevent anything like general social intercourse, and the religious rites of the Hindus are of a melancholy and terrible kind. Not so with the Burmans. They are merry, impetuous, and susceptible; they are always laughing, and seldom, except in the case of bargaining with the white man, restrain their feelings at all. There are neither distinctions of caste, nor, as Captain Forbes shows very cleverly, any social distinctions whatever. Riches do not confer it and no "good families" are known. Their religious ceremonies always partake of the nature of a grand fair and feast, in which every one joins; and, far from displaying any feelings of exclusiveness, they are delighted if an Englishman will join in the fun. Side by side with the pure Buddhism which is their professed religion, they reverence and make offerings to a number of *nats* or spirits, to whom they attribute all the good and evil which befalls them. For Gautama, the Lord, is, of course, not the Creator, but only the last incarnation of Buddha, whose teachings and example should be followed, although he is nowhere assumed to be either omnipotent or omniscient.

The Burmese are fine-looking, stalwart men, with a decided Tartar physiognomy, and a complexion which is about halfway between the deep brown of the Bengali and the yellow of the Chinese. But many of the dwellers in towns are as fair as Englishmen, and the women are as a rule very comely and coquettish. Dressed in their white muslin jackets and bright variegated *tameins* (a long piece of coloured stuff or silk wound round the body, reaching from under the arms to the toes), with roses in their black hair twisted up in a graceful knot behind, their merry smiles and pleasant ways produce a charming impression on the fresh arrival from India, who has been accustomed to see none but a few hideous low-caste women sneaking behind the houses at his approach. The Burman law requires no concealment of the women; with the exception of the King's harem, they are all permitted to receive strangers, and polygamy, though just tolerated, is not approved. They take an important part in all festivals and even religious rites, with one or two exceptions, and may have separate property of their own even after marriage. The work of planting and gathering in the rice (the great staple of Burma) is performed by all the members of a family alike, from the oldest woman to the youngest child; but, otherwise, the women are generally busy with light work, as weaving, making and selling *letpet* (nauseous sweet pickled tea), or preparing betel, while the men do the rough work.

We do not wish to spoil bits of Captain Forbes's delightful work by short quotations, and we have not space for longer ones. But we can warmly recommend even those who have no special interest in the remote province which supplies the wants of India in times of famine to read the book itself. Even the least serious will find in it an abundance of legend, anecdote, and amusing description; while those who have visited the country must, by its perusal, inevitably gain a better knowledge of one of our most valuable dependencies.

LONDON SCIENCE CLASS BOOKS.

EDITED BY G. CAREY FOSTER AND PHILIP MAGNUS.

Astronomy, by Professor R. S. Ball; *Hydrostatics and Pneumatics*, by Philip Magnus; *Zoology of the Vertebrate Animals*, *Zoology of the Invertebrate Animals*, by Alex. Macalister, M.D. *Botany—Outlines of Morphology and Physiology; Botany—Outlines of Classification of Plants*, by W. R. Macnab, M.D. Longman, Green, and Co.

The rapid and gigantic progress of scientific discovery and invention in the present day is matter of constant remark. Concurrently with this progress, and owing chiefly to the interest thereby aroused in the public mind with regard to science, a great demand for improved science teaching in schools has arisen, and is being rapidly supplied. It is therefore but natural to find that nearly every year produces a fresh crop of text-books on scientific subjects, adapted to students of various grades. The series to which belong the several little volumes named at the head of this article promises, to judge from the specimens before us, to take a leading place among the more advanced of elementary science class-books for some years to come. The series is avowedly designed with reference to school teaching; but the editors' preface states that "at the same time particular attention will be given to making the information supplied trustworthy and accurate, and to presenting it in such a way that it may serve as a basis for more advanced study."

These objects have been most completely attained in the little volumes now under consideration. The magnitude of the subjects, and the limited space allowed by the editors'

plan, renders the treatment of many subdivisions of the subjects necessarily very brief, but the most minute examination reveals scarcely any errors or inaccuracies worthy of notice. In the treatise on Astronomy, by Professor Ball, there is a slight accidental blunder in the statement that, "during the Arctic summer, all places within the Arctic Circle enjoy perpetual day" (p. 113), and a corresponding error occurs on the following page. There is also at p. 27 an apparent mistake of "right" for "left," which may for a moment perplex a student, or even a teacher. These, however, are trifling matters, easily detected. On the other hand, we do not remember ever to have seen the phenomenon of precession and nutation, or the aberration of light, explained with such simplicity and clearness. Consistently with the aim of the editors, there is very little descriptive matter in the book, but, what there is, is certainly so presented as to tempt the student to further study. In any future edition of the book, a chapter on eclipses—a subject not even mentioned here—would be a desirable addition.

In Mr. Magnus's volume, inaccuracies, whether of print or otherwise, are still more rare. With the exception of a trifling error in the figures in the last line of the table at page 132, there is none which it would not be hyper-criticism to notice. The very difficult subjects of capillarity and diffusion of fluids are treated with great clearness for so elementary a work, and the various laws derived from experiments are explained and stated with great precision. The only omission of importance that presents itself is of the influence of change of temperature on the volume of gases. This subject belongs at least as much to pneumatics as to heat; but, if it is treated, as no doubt it will be, in an early volume of the series, the omission here is of little consequence. A perusal of Mr. Magnus's book, which contains the results of the most recent researches, will, we think, cause many teachers to wonder how they have hitherto put up with the antiquated works of ten or twenty years ago.

The little volume on "Hydrodynamics," by Dr. Wormell, arrives at a very opportune moment. Engineers are at their wits' end to economise fuel and yet produce the maximum amount of power for a minimum amount of fuel absorbed, and this point can only be obtained by boiler makers carefully considering the proper laws that govern heat as a mode of motion. In this class book we have, ready cut and dried, many of the most important investigations of Joule, Tyndall, and Clerk Maxwell; indeed, the work is an abridged form of the condensed writings of these three scientific investigators. The description and diagram of Richard's Steam Indicator will be sought after with interest by many, and in this book they will find a terse but intelligible enumeration of the laws by which this instrument acts, and the conclusion that may be at once deduced from the course traced. The work should have had a copious index, and, if we could find fault with it, it would be on this point. Persons who wish to use a book for reference have not time to search after their object in the "contents," and frequently cast a deserving and trustworthy work of reference on one side for want of a good index. However, as the construction of boilers and apparatus to generate motion by heat has now become a matter for the consideration of the physicist as well as for the engine fitter, we venture to express a hope that boiler fitters will render themselves proficient in the natural laws that govern their handicraft, and we think that this little work will bring such knowledge within the reach both of their pockets and their minds.

The multiplicity of science text books which the South Kensington schemes have within the last few years called into life makes us look rather narrowly at any new claimants for the public favour. An examination of Professor Macalister's two little volumes on Zoology enables us to speak in high terms of them. They contain no more than is necessary to lay the foundation of a knowledge of the structure of the chief animal groups, and the information is given in simple, yet clear and accurate language. Of Dr. M'Nab's companion volumes on Botany we may say the same. They are mainly compilations from the German text books of Sachs, Prantl, and Luerssius, and contain many of the merits, with some of the demerits, of these authors' works. The cuts in the volume on morphology are, with a few exceptions, from Sachs, and in that on the classification entirely from that author. Hence it contains all that was best in the Würzburg professor's heavy volume. We think that Dr. M'Nab might have improved his treatise had he not so slavishly adopted Sachs's clumsy nomenclature of classification. Few of his names for plant structure are necessary, or better than those which preceded them, while his classification is so grotesque as to have little chance of ever becoming matured in England. Still, Dr. M'Nab's class-books will form a useful introduction to the Lehrbuch of Sachs, and to the more advanced English text books of Hemfrey, Bentley, Gray, or Brown.

THE MAGAZINES.

The Nineteenth Century.—The publication of correspondence relating to Afghanistan at the present moment has necessarily deprived Sir Henry Rawlinson's paper on "The Afghan Crisis" of much of its interest. This paper commences with the date of Shere Ali's accession to the throne on the death of Dost Mahomed Khan, and traces the course of events down to the present time. If Russia retires at once, Sir Henry considers that an arrangement with Shere Ali may still be possible; but, if she continues to intervene, the prospect of Afghan independence is gone for ever.

The Fortnightly Review.—In an article by the Earl of Carnarvon, headed "Imperial Administration," an examination is made of the policy of the British Government towards its colonies, and on this subject his lordship can, no doubt, speak with some authority, owing to the experience he was enabled to gain during the time he was at the head of the Colonial Office. His lordship shows what has hitherto been done to advance the several colonies, and he remarks that the problem of administration differs immeasurably with each different country and race; and that, as regards all those native races, the obligation is laid upon us, and has been accepted by us, of giving them protection, and of gradually raising them in the scale of human knowledge and happiness. And this is the reason why, in many of these colonies, it is impossible to give self-government to the people, as that would be to vest the whole authority in the hands of a very small white minority, and to open a chapter of incalculable abuse and misgovernment. Lord Carnarvon dwells somewhat upon the difficulties that exist in limiting the boundaries of large Empires, and he draws a comparison between foreign Imperialism, which means vast standing armies, and the brighter and more peaceful picture seen in the self-government of the great Anglo-Saxon Colonies. "The Migration of Centres of Industrial Energy," by L. H. Courtney, M.P., gives an interesting account of the rise and fall of great industrial centres both in ancient and modern times. "The Russians in Armenia," by A. A. Wheeler, is a description of the recent campaign in that country by the Russians against the Turks.

In *Macmillan* there is an extremely interesting article by Mr. Laing Meason, entitled "Our Army in India." The writer, in dealing with the Native Army, points out the two great flaws in the present military system which have been so repeatedly brought forward by men whose position and experience qualify them to speak "as having authority." These two flaws are, firstly, the paucity of officers; and, secondly, the frequent changes which make it impossible for a native battalion to have any attachment or feeling of personal loyalty towards its leader. Everyone with any practical knowledge of India will understand the serious importance of the last consideration. The sepoy, as Mr. Laing Meason observes, was an excellent and loyal soldier in the olden days when a direct and personal bond of sympathy united him to his officers. It was only when the bond was broken, when easy and frequent intercourse with England gave the European officer other interests, and the chance of more lucrative civil employment supplied him with stronger ambitions than could be found in his regimental duties, that disaffection commenced and the ground was made ready for those seeds of discontent whose harvest time was the Mutiny. Mr. Laing Meason admits that the new system, by which the only entrance to the Native Army is through the English Army, is a good one. Not only is the service being officered by picked men, but regimental duty with a native corps is now sought after by the best officers, instead of being shunned by them and despised, as it was twenty years ago. But there still remains this grave defect, that by the present method the men have no opportunity of entering into intimacy with their leaders. As regards the insufficient number of officers present with each regiment, Mr. Meason asserts that there are not six regiments with sufficient officers ready to take the field; and, in proof of this, he cites the parade before the Prince of Wales at Delhi, when, doubtless, every attempt was made to muster the full number of officers. "Of the cavalry regiments that marched past, there was not an officer for every troop, and in one corps two troops were commanded by sergeant-majors. In the European infantry things were almost as bad."

A writer in *Fraser*, upon "Tory Finance," has some very unpleasant things to say about Lord Beaconsfield. Mr. Barnett Smith gives an interesting essay upon Mr. Walpole's "England in the Nineteenth Century." Mr. Hyndman's statement of the bankruptcy of India is answered by an interesting article, "The Solvency and Resources of India," which attempts to prove the more comfortable doctrine that the "condition of the people of India is continually improving." The writer does not, however, deny that there is considerable ground for more improvement; and he points out how this may be made, in one important direction, by developing its mineral resources. The reader will not, perhaps, mourn to hear that in this number of *Fraser* "An Eastern Hermit" says his "Last Word" on politics. Here it is:—"When the present Ministry has been swept into the dust-hole, garters and all (!), may one of the chief aims of their successors—Liberal, Conservative, or Coalition, I care not—be a frank and firm friendship between England and Russia." This is really a very Christian sentiment in "An Eastern Hermit;" but we are afraid it does more credit to his heart than to his head or his "prophetic soul."

Blackwood is terribly dull this month. An article upon "Journalists"—if any readers can be found brave enough to bear the burthen of so ponderous a style as the writer's—may prove not uninteresting; and one upon "The Berlin Settlement" is curious, as proceeding from the pen of one man who still believes that we are in the present enjoyment of "peace with honour."

In the *University Magazine* we have the conclusion of Miss Collins's very beautiful sketch of the life and work of Margaret Fuller. Miss Collins here deals with Margaret's connection with the *Dial*, that journal to which so many noble pages of her own, and of other high-minded and disinterested thinkers, gave a certain historical and representative value. The reader is, no doubt, aware that the most interesting of all socialistic experiments, viz., "Brook Farm," was first planned by Margaret Fuller, or, at any rate, first announced by her in the *Dial*. Margaret's visit to Europe, her admiration for Mazzini, and consequent participation in the Italian movement, the story of her marriage with Marquis d'Ossolis, of their brief married life and untimely death, form a most pathetic conclusion to a noble and romantic life. We can only hope that Miss Collins may see her way to amplify her present sketch, and give us a fuller study upon so interesting a subject. This same number also contains an able article by Mr. Keningale Cook on "Theism and Ethics in Ancient Greece," and a graceful little poem, entitled "Under the Cocoa," by Mr. Richard Garnett. "Laelia" is also a story of considerable interest and originality.

"A Spanish Enoch Arden," in *Temple Bar*, gives an outline of one of the novels of Fernan Caballero, the George Eliot of Spain, as she is sometimes called. It is only a few months since the death of this gifted novelist; and, as we know far too little of the intimate life of modern Spain, let us hope that Fernan Caballero's works may obtain an appreciative English translator. "A Red Cross Ride through Snow and Death" is a very egotistical and ill-written account of the miseries and horrors that followed the fall of Plevna.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* has a forcible, if fallacious, appeal against Vivisection by the Rev. H. Oxenham, and an article upon "The Afghan Imbroglio," by the Rev. Malcolm M'Call, which puts very strongly the case as against the present Government. "The Fairy Lore of Savages" is an interesting article; and a careful and able criticism of M. Zola's "L'Assommoir" gives English readers a vivid impression of M. Zola's power and earnestness of purpose as a writer of the humanitarian school.

Baily's Monthly Magazine, December. A. H. Baily and Co., Cornhill.—As usual, this popular magazine of sports and pastimes closes the current year with a specially interesting number. The *Invoice* of "Our Van," and the concluding remarks of the driver thereof, is in itself a feature. The article on cricket and the school averages gives an accurate analysis of the batting and bowling of most of the public schools, but some of the adverse criticisms might have been a little stronger, and the faults more clearly pointed out. The portrait for the month is an excellent likeness of Mr. F. G. Saville Foljambe, the popular M.P. and M.F.H.

Belgravia has a story by Mr. Francillon, "One by One," which, no doubt, could not have been written by any other living author. At the same time, it seems to us a pity that Mr. Francillon should thus spend upon romantic trifles his rare and peculiar genius for intense and dramatic compositions. Mr. Francillon reminds us, to a certain extent, of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Like the American romancist, he has a strange power of giving a mystic beauty and interest to a realistic theme. But magicians should not too readily, and on slight occasions, put forth potent charms, or they may

come to be regarded as mere conjurors. Mrs. Lynn Lynton gives some beautiful "Pictures from Venice;" and "Two Modern Japanese Stories" are simply delightful.

In *Good Words* there is an article by Mrs. Fawcett "On the Old and the New Ideals of Women's Education," which sets forth very clearly the almost unconscious growth of a new conception of women's duties and responsibilities, as well as of their "rights." As Mrs. Fawcett rightly observes, dependence and feebleness have ceased to be regarded as female virtues; and foresight, endurance, and skill, are acknowledged to be admirable qualities in woman as well as in man.

The *Cornhill* is not a very interesting number. The nineteenth "Hour in a Library," which has "Landor's Imaginary Conversations" for its subject, is quite as delightful as its forerunners.

STRAY LEAVES.

The stage has sustained a great loss in the death, which we deeply regret to announce, of Mr. Alfred Wigan. The state of his health had for some time prevented him from following his professional labours; but old playgoers remember him as one of the most refined and artistic actors on the stage. He entered the stage in 1838, and in the following year he joined Madame Vestris's company at Covent Garden. Subsequently he played at the Strand, the Lyceum, the Adelphi, and the Princess's theatres, and in 1853 he took the management of the Olympic. During the greater part of his theatrical career he was associated with the Keeleys and Mr. Robson, but more recently he appeared at the Queen's Theatre, which he opened, and at the Gaiety. "The First Night," in which he played the part of an old operatic tenor, the father of a *débutante*, was generally considered his best and most finished performance. He took his farewell benefit at Drury Lane on the 6th of July, 1872.

A new artistic and dramatic weekly journal has appeared at Frankfort under the editorship of Dr. L. Holtmann, an experienced dramatic critic. Among the contributors to the first number is Dr. Braunfels, the well-known archæological writer.

Messrs. James Blackwood and Co. have the following works in preparation:—"The Gift Book of Affection for the Young," "My Little Keepsake" (both illustrated), and "Around the Tea Table," by T. de Witt Talmage.

The Panslavist weekly journal, the *Grajdanin*, of which Prince Mestchersky is editor, is to be put up for public sale at St. Petersburg next week. The reserve price placed upon the journal is 25,000 roubles, or just 2,500*l*.

The first thousand copies of Mr. Francis George Heath's new book, "Our Woodland Trees," having been exhausted within a few weeks of its publication, a second edition is in rapid preparation. A fifth edition of the same author's "Fern World" is also preparing.

The Russian monthly journal, "Sobranié Romanoff, or Collection of Novels," which, during the twenty-three years of its popular existence has devoted itself exclusively to the publication of works of foreign authors, announces as its leading translation for next year the Duke de Medina Pomar's novel, "A Secret Marriage," and Mrs. Henry Wood's "Pomeroy Abbey."

We understand that Messrs. W. Collins and Co. have in preparation a set of 30 large plates, illustrative of Old Testament history, and designed to display the references and facilitate the study of Rawlinson's "Historical Illustrations of the Old Testament."

Grenville Murray's book on Russia has been translated into German, and has been very warmly received at Berlin. The literary papers are full of praises of its cleverness and uncompromising tone.

Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. have in course of publication a work by Mr. John Thomson, F.R.G.S., entitled "Through Cyprus with the Camera in the Autumn of 1878." A copy has been ordered for the Royal Library.

The authorities at Kieff University have just discovered that the Vladimir Collection of Ancient Slavonic works, which are of priceless value, has been robbed to the extent of 700 volumes.

The opera of "Oberon" is to be produced to-night at Her Majesty's. This is the first time it will have been heard in England for fourteen years.

The "Examiner of Plays" in Prussia is more particular than our own. "Les Fourchambault," which is now being acted at the Haymarket, has been prohibited at Stettin as being injurious to public morality.

Mr. J. S. Shedlock gave the third of his series of classical concerts at the Royal Academy of Music on Wednesday night. If there be room during the continuance of the Monday Popular Concerts for performances of music of the same class by less prominent performers, Mr. J. S. Shedlock and his coadjutors are competent for the purpose. The pieces performed were, with one exception, of the most familiar character, that exception being an interesting violoncello solo by Mr. Lütgen, excellently played by the composer. The hall was fairly filled.

We understand that the amateur performance of Mr. Coghlan's comedy, "Lady Flora," which was given with great success at St. George's Hall, Langham-place, in June last, is to be repeated on the 28th inst., when Mr. T. Alfred Carpenter, Mr. Oram, and Mr. Douglas, will again appear in their original characters. Mr. Godfrey Shaen and Mr. Conway are unfortunately prevented from acting this time, and their places will be filled by Mr. Halton and Mr. Claude Penley; the parts of the heroine and Sophie will be played by two amateurs, Miss Claydon and Miss Helen Akroyd. The performance, which will conclude with "My Uncle's Will," is in aid of the funds of University College Hospital.

Among the pieces performed on the occasion of the King of Italy's triumphal entry into Rome was a "Royal March" by Rossini, which was composed twelve years ago, but had not previously been played in public.

Goldmark's opera, "The Queen of Saba," is to be performed at the Teatro Regio, Turin, in January next. The right of performance for the whole of Italy has been secured by Messrs. Lucca, the music publishers.

Opponents of capital punishment will rejoice over the draft of a new law on public executions, prepared by a committee of the French Chamber of Deputies. This draft carefully mentions by name all persons who are to be present at executions, which it proposes shall in future take place inside the prison walls, but totally omits the executioner and culprit. If the Bill be carried in its present form, it thus follows that all executions must cease in France.

"No. 20, or the Bastille of Calvados," having failed to please, Mr. W. Gooch, of the Princess's Theatre, has determined to withdraw it, and revive in its place "It is Never Too Late to Mend" on Boxing Night.

—o—

Two well-known dramatic authors were sitting in the stalls of the Princess's Theatre on Saturday night last.

No. 1 *loquitur*: "Think this wants cutting down."

No. 2: "Cutting up, you mean."

This may account for the information contained above.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Aldrich, Thomas Bailey.—Baby Bell (Illustrated). George Routledge and Sons.
Angus, J. Keith.—Children's Theatricals. George Routledge and Sons.
Archer, Thomas.—Decisive Events in History (Illustrated). Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.
A Picture Book for Laddies and Lassies (Illustrated). George Routledge and Sons.
British Almanac for 1879.—Stationers' Company.
Brodribb, Rev. W. T., M.A., and Besant, Walter, M.A.—Constantinople. Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.
Burns, Poetical Works of.—Edited by Charles Kent. George Routledge and Sons.
Butt, Geraldine.—A Sprig of Heather (Illustrated). Marcus Ward and Co.
Cameron, Mary Emily.—The House of Achendarroch. S. Tinsley and Co.
Cassell's Natural History. Edited by P. Martin Duncan, M.B. (Lond.). Vol. II. (Illustrated). Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.
Cassell's Family Magazine (Illustrated).
Cassell's History of India. Part I. (Illustrated).
Cassell's International Portrait Gallery. Part I.—The Emperor of Germany.
Clarke, J. Erskine, M.A., Edited by.—Chatterbox. W. W. Gardner.
Crestadoro, Prof. A., of the Univ. of Turin.—Taxation Reform. Longmans and Co.
Cupples, George.—The Green Hand. George Routledge and Sons.
Crampton, T., Set to Music by.—Aunt Effie's Rhymes (Illustrated). George Routledge and Sons.
Dulcken, H. W., Ph.D.—Happy Day Stories for the Young. George Routledge and Sons.
Dulcken, H. W., Ph. D.—A Picture History of England (Illustrated). George Routledge and Sons.
Dulcken, H. W., Ph. D.—Golden Light, Scripture Histories for the Young (Illustrated). G. Routledge and Sons.
Dobell, Sydney, Life and Letters of.—Edited by C. J. 2 vols (Illustrated). Smith, Elder, and Co.
Fitzgerald, Percy.—Little Dorinda. 63, Paternoster-row.
Fortnightly Review for December.—Edited by John Morley. Chapman and Hall.
Harding, Emily Grace.—A Mountain Daisy. 3 vols. F. S. Tinsley and Co.
Hatton Family, the Correspondence of.—Edited by Edward Maunde Thompson. 2 vols. Printed for the Camden Society.
Hoffmann, Professor.—Drawing Room Amusements. G. Routledge and Sons.
History Primers, edited by R. Green.—History of France, by Charlotte M. Yonge. Macmillan and Co.
Holmes, Oliver Wendell.—John Lothrop Motley. A Memoir. Trübner and Co.
Kiston, John, LL.D., edited by.—Standard Comic Reciter. Ward, Lock, and Co.
Littlewood, Rev. W. E., M.A.—Bible Biographies (Illustrated). Marcus Ward and Co.
Library of Good Stories. 5 vols. Evelyns.
Longfellow, Henry.—Excelsior (Illustrated). George Routledge and Sons.
Marryat, Florence.—Her World Against a Lie. 3 vols. S. Tinsley and Co.
Molesworth, Mrs.—"Grandmother Dear" (Illustrated by Walter Crane). Macmillan and Co.
Nicholson, W. Millar, M.A., D.Sc.—Classical Revision of the Greek New Testament. Williams and Norgate.
Nineteenth Century for December. C. Kegan Paul and Co.
Payne, John.—Lautec. A Poem. Pickering and Co.
Paull, Mrs. H. B.—Only a Cat. G. Routledge and Sons.
Paul and Virginia (Illustrated). G. Routledge and Sons.
Peter Parley's Annual for 1879. Ben George.
Rossiter, William.—An Illustrated Dictionary of Scientific Terms. William Collins, Sons, and Co.
Saint Nicholas. Illustrated Magazine for Boys. Vol. V., November, 1877, to November, 1878. Sampson Low and Co.
Scott, Patrick.—Christianity and a Personal Devil. Second Edition. Pickering and Co.
Sport and Work on the Nepaul Frontier, by Maori. Macmillan and Co.
Stretton, Hesba.— A Man of his Word. C. Kegan Paul and Co.
Stoughton, John, D.D.—Religion in England under Queen Anne and the Georges, 1702-1800. 2 vols. Hodder and Stoughton.
Tales from Blackwood. New Series. No. VIII. W. Blackwood and Sons.
The Cheveley Novels.—Saul Weir. Part VII. W. Blackwood and Sons.
The Large Picture Primer. George Routledge and Sons.
The Prize for Girls and Boys, 1878. W. W. Gardner.
The Magazine of Art. (Illustrated.) Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.
Thurston, Robert, H., A.M., C.E.—A History of the Growth of the Steam Engine. (Illustrated.) C. Kegan Paul and Co.
Villari, Professor Pasquale.—Niccolo Macchiavelli and his Times. Translated by Linda Villari. 2 vols. C. Kegan Paul and Co.
Whately, Mary L.—Letters from Egypt. With 4 Illustrations. Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.
Wood, Rev. J. G., M.A.—Picture Natural History. Illustrated. George Routledge and Sons.
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